

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 299.—VOL. XII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

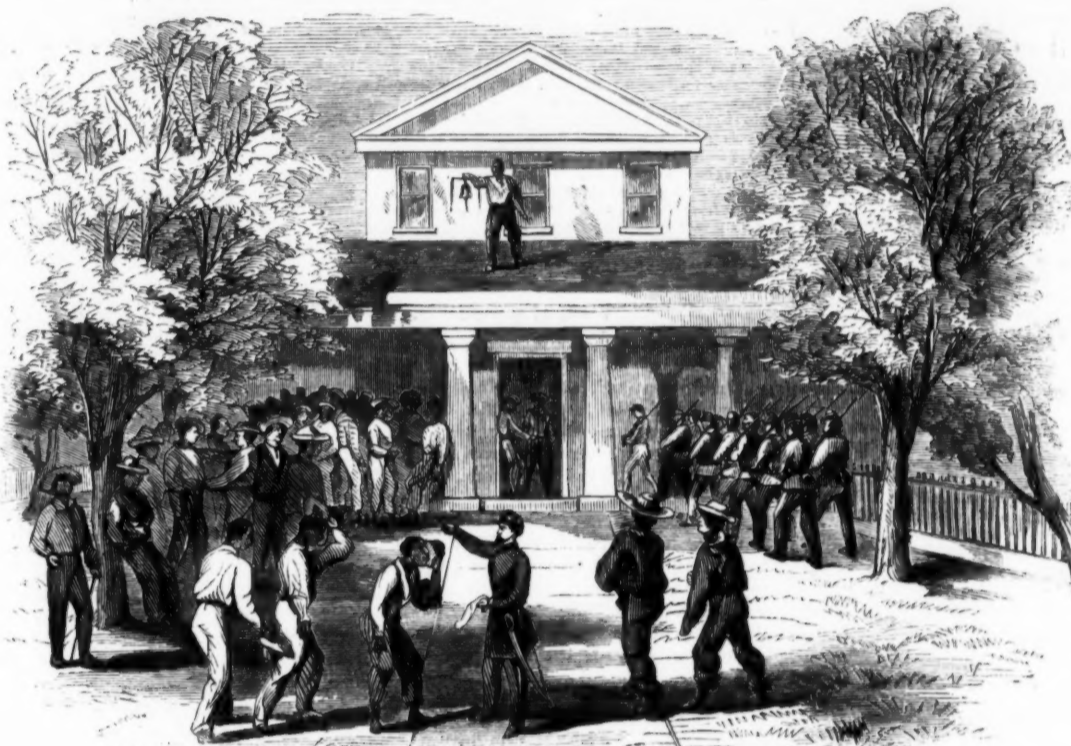
THE CURFEW BELL

At Hampton Court House, Virginia.

DURING the early days of the occupation of Hampton, Va., it was discovered that signal lights were displayed on various points of the Rebels' lines, and, from their peculiar motion, hardly a doubt could exist but that they were answering lights shown by some parties in the Federal lines. As these traitors could not be discovered, it was deemed advisable to take every precaution possible, and strict orders were issued that all lights were to be extinguished at a reasonable hour, thus for a time reviving the ancient custom of the curfew bell. It was desirable to impress the negroes with the imperative-ness of the order, and they were, consequently, mustered by the ringing of the bell of Hampton Court House, when the proclamation of Colonel Max Weber, of the German Turner Rifles, was read to them by Captain Anthony Brackley. They were not well pleased with the idea of giving up their lights and confining themselves to their houses after dark, but they had to grin and bear.

THE GRAVES OF THE INDIANA VOLUNTEERS At Rich Mountain.

AFTER the glory and excitement of the battle comes the sad re-



THE CURFEW BELL AT HAMPTON COURT HOUSE, VA., WARNING THE NEGROES TO BED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.

verse of the picture, the missing familiar faces, the dead and wounded. No glory can compensate the victors for the loss of the noble dead.

Our readers are familiar with the gallant conduct of the Indiana volunteers; they have shown themselves in all the actions in Western Virginia brave, orderly and dashing soldiers; patient in camp and bold and uncorquerable in battle. They have maintained the honor of their State and the cause of their country like men.

Our Artist was present at the battle of Rich Mountain, and the day after visited the graves of the gallant men who fell there. They are buried in a beautiful spot on the ridge of Rich Mountain. The graves are neatly soded, and a rough headstone marks each one. The dead were handled tenderly and affectionately by their living comrades, and the bodies were committed to their resting place with all honor and sacred rites. Near the graves of our poor gallant fellows, decently interred, rest their dead enemies who were left upon the field. Peace be to all!

THE GREAT UNION GUN

At Fortress Monroe.

This immense piece of ordnance, the largest cast iron gun in the world, is at last safely landed at Fortress Monroe. On its first at-



THE GRAVES OF THE INDIANA VOLUNTEERS WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, WESTERN VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.

tempt at embarkation at Baltimore, by some sad mischance it was deposited at the bottom of the river. It was, however, rescued from its watery grave, and being safely landed on the deck of a schooner, was at length transferred to the wharf at Fortress Monroe, at which place our Artist sketched it. It is to be mounted on the deck of the Minnesota. It carries a 350 pound shot, and is supposed to be the most destructive weapon ever manufactured. Neither its range or initial velocity is as great as some other guns, yet the weight of the shot will be such as to sink any ship, and ultimately destroy almost any fortification. The projectiles for the gun have not yet arrived.

Barnum's American Museum

IS abounding with novelties and amusements, as WM. TILLMAN and WM. STEDDING, the Conquerors of Southern Pirates, the wonderful What Is It? or Man Monkey; Madagascar Albino, Aquarial Garden abounding with Living Fish, Living Sea Lion, Mammoth Bear Samson and other Living Bears, Living Seal, and elegant Dramatic Performances every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 25 cts. Children under ten years, 15 cts.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy.....	17 weeks	\$ 1
One do.....	1 year	\$ 3
Two do.....	1 year	\$ 5
Or One Copy.....	2 years	\$ 8
Three Copies.....	1 year	\$ 6
Five do.....	1 year (to one address)	\$10

And an extra Copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

Senate, July 29.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill appropriating ten millions for the purchase of arms, which was passed. A bill was also passed making it a fine of twenty-five dollars for selling liquor to soldiers in the District of Columbia.

July 30.—The Tariff Bill was passed, 22 to 13. The Insurrection Suppression Bill was then taken up, and discussed by Trumbull, of Illinois, and Carlisle, of Virginia, McDougall, of California, and some others. The construction of iron-clad steamers was discussed.

July 31.—There was little done to-day; several unimportant matters were considered, but they had little bearing upon the war. Scidmore has a great deliberative body like our Senate met in so important a juncture with so small a display of patriotism and ability. Paralysis rules the hour.

August 1.—The bill for the suppression and punishment of insurrection was taken up, and discussed until the adjournment. It was bitterly opposed by Mr. Breckinridge, who denounced it as an atrocity of the worst character. A motion to postpone its consideration, however, was negatived, 28 to 16, though the matter was not finally disposed of.

August 2.—The bill to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase additional vessels for the Revenue service was passed. The bill authorizing the construction of twelve small side-wheel steamers for the blockading service was passed. The resolution approving the acts of the President elicited considerable discussion, but was not finally disposed of. A bill making additional appropriations for the army—among them \$20,000,000 for raising and organizing the volunteers—was passed. The vote by which the bill to punish fraud on the part of officers making contracts was passed, was reconsidered, and the bill was laid on the table. The Senate soon afterwards went into Executive session, and subsequently adjourned.

August 3.—Mr. Kennedy presented a resolution from the Maryland Legislature, protesting against the arbitrary proceedings recently adopted towards Ross Winans and others. After a spirited debate, it was ordered to be printed. The bill to pay volunteers monthly was not agreed to, but a simple resolution recommending the Secretary of War to pay them monthly was adopted instead.

House, July 29.—The Direct Tax Bill was passed after considerable debate by 77 to 60. The strength of the minority caused considerable surprise. This bill provides for twenty millions to be apportioned to the different States according to population. The minority was thus composed: Connecticut, 2; New York, 6; New Jersey, 2; Pennsylvania, 4; Maryland, 4; Kentucky, 10; Ohio, 7; Indiana, 3; Missouri, 2; Total Democrats, 43; Maine, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Pennsylvania, 1; Ohio, 1; Indiana, 3; Illinois, 2; Michigan, 2; Wisconsin, 1; Minnesota, 2; Iowa, 1; Missouri, 1; total Republicans, 16; Tellers, 2—60.

July 30.—The propriety of increasing the number of West Point Cadets, and their taking the oath of allegiance, was debated, and also that of an increase of Midshipmen in the Naval Academy. The Oregon election case was disposed of—the House confirming the decision of the Committee, which awarded to Mr. Shiel the election, instead of Mr. Thayer. Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, then presented the report of the Select Committee appointed to ascertain the number of persons in the employ of Government known to entertain sentiments of hostility to it, and who have refused to take the oath of allegiance. The Committee asked leave to sit during the recess of Congress, with power to send for persons and papers, which request was granted. The Committee expressed their astonishment that certain persons were retained in the Government employ.

July 31.—A bill was reported for the punctual monthly payment of the troops. As the Secretary of War has no interest in the matter, its success is doubtful. Mr. Vallandigham then offered a resolution, founded on the conduct of Mr. Harvey, and wished to know if the Cabinet were cognizant of his communications with the rebels. As it is well known that a prominent member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet dictated the so-called treasonable correspondence, no inquiry will be made, and still less is it probable that Mr. Harvey will be recalled. Mr. Harvey, who is a very talented but somewhat vain person, was simply made a cat's paw. Mr. May, of Maryland, then with unabashed impudence moved a resolution, which was in effect one of condolence with the Baltimore traitors, then confined in Fort McHenry, but now in Fort Lafayette, New York. The joke did not take. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, then moved a resolution, stating that the war now waging by the North was for the Union, and not for subjugation. It was too absurd to receive attention.

August 1.—Mr. Fenton, of New York, offered a preamble and resolution making inquiry of the President relative to the detention of Congressman Ely among the rebels as a prisoner. The rest of the session was occupied in a discussion growing out of a personal explanation made by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, in answer to an article published in the Albany Evening Journal, written by Thurlow Weed. He denied the truth of the charges of Mr. Weed, that he had, as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, urged premature action on the part of General Scott. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, also explained that he did not, in his remarks, a few days ago intend to be understood that General Scott had accused the President of forcing him to fight the battle of Bull's Run against his better judgment. And the House adjourned.

August 2.—A resolution was introduced by Mr. Cox, and passed, which conveys the thanks of Congress to the officers and soldiers of the army, and the sympathy of the nation for those who suffered hereafter in the late battle. Another resolution provides for the adjournment of the House—the Senate to remain in session as long as it may be necessary. A substitute for the Senate bill providing for the confiscation of rebel property was reported from the Committee on the Judiciary, and provoked considerable discussion, and was finally rejected. Mr. Bingham then proposed an amendment to the original bill, restricting its operations to the present rebellion, which was also rejected. After refusing to lay the bill on the table, the House recommitted it to the Judiciary Committee, 69 to 43. Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Conference on the Tariff and the Direct Tax bills, made a report explanatory of the modifications made, which was agreed to, and the bills stand passed. A bill was reported from the Judiciary Committee and passed, which provides for the punishment of persons who recruit against the States.

August 3.—The bill making appropriations for enrolling and organizing volunteers, &c., was reported back with an amendment appropriating

\$20,000,000. The Senate bill to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes, was reported back with an amendment that slaves should be forfeited who were employed in hostility to the Government, and the bill passed. A message was received from the President, inclosing a dispatch from the Hon. Alfred Ely, in which he says he is a prisoner at Richmond. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate to the House all the correspondence between James E. Harvey and any of the heads of the departments in any way relating to the charge against Mr. Harvey, or any other information in connection with the subject. Adjourned.

Foreign News.

Our latest intelligence from Europe bears the date of July 24.

The ships Dover Castle, Agincourt and Donald McKay had arrived from Australia with one hundred thousand ounces of gold.

Lord John Russell goes into the House of Lords as Earl Russell.

Lord Herbert will resign, on account of illness, the Secretaryship of War.

Mr. Lever had again denied the charges against him in the House of Commons, and had moved for a Select Committee to inquire into them. The motion was negatived without a division of the House.

In the London discount market the minimum rate was $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

American securities had advanced.

Sugar, coffee and rice were steady, and tea and tallow quiet.

Consols had advanced to 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ @90 for money, and 90@90 $\frac{1}{2}$ for account.

Senor Bermudez, formerly Ambassador at Naples, had returned to the Court of Spain.

The chief of the Lega Insurgente had been strangled.

Large crowds had assembled before the residence of the British Consul at Warsaw, and shouted "Long live Queen Victoria!" and deposited bouquets, showing their gratitude for the British sympathy to Poland.

Omar Pasha had landed at Ragusa. He was received with military honors, and proceeded to confer with Prince Montenegro.

A royal rescript had been read in both houses of the Hungarian Diet. It says that the laws of 1848 cannot be established, because they are incompatible with the recent Constitution.

The union of Hungary with Transylvania is impracticable at present.

The affairs of Servia will be arranged on the basis of a restoration of the Servian National Congress.

Cialdini, the King's Lieutenant at Naples, had ordered 15,000 volunteers for mobilization. He had also issued a proclamation, expressing confidence in the people and National Guard. He appeals to the liberal party to assist in dispersing the reactionists. The chief of the reactionists, and several others at Monto Silvano, had been arrested.

The chief of the brigands at Monte Falcone had been shot, and five hundred brigands threatened Avellino, but were repulsed and fifty made prisoners. The brigands were within eight miles of Naples, intending to celebrate the approaching return of Francis I.

Reactionary movements were extending in Calabria.

The national loan was very popular. The Pope has received fresh assurances that the French army will remain at Rome.

Fifteen new Bishops have been proclaimed, namely—six French, two Spanish and seven South American.

State of the Nation.

No active movements have been made since the Bull's Run fight by the army of the Potomac. Major-General McClellan has assumed the command, and has already worked a great change in the condition of the troops. Strict discipline is now rigidly enforced; not only are the men restricted to their camps, but their officers are compelled to leave the lounging luxuries of Washington, and share with their commands the hardships and discomforts, be they what they may, of camp life. This order somewhat astonished our soldiers, hitherto unaccustomed to true military discipline; but it astonished our officers still more. They looked upon themselves as a privileged class, for whom restraints were not intended, and acting upon this idea they assumed airs and took liberties utterly unwarrantable and quite unknown in military service. A wholesome check has been given to these pretensions, and we are satisfied that the duties will be better performed and the country better served than heretofore.

Important orders have also been issued in regard to drilling. The troops are to be exercised in masses and combined movements, and the several regiments are to be handled successively by all their officers. In this way the men will become familiar not only with their own officers, but with the General in command and every member of his staff. This will remedy the recurrence of the countless blunders at Bull's Run, where the men scarcely knew their superior officers, who in their turn were unacquainted with their men.

A still more important step has been taken to perfect the organization of our army, in the act which makes it obligatory upon every officer to undergo the ordeal of an examination before a board appointed for the purpose, as to his fitness for the command he has undertaken. This has already commenced to work a change for the better, as many of our volunteer officers have already resigned rather than undergo the ordeal of an examination which they are conscious they could not sustain creditably. Their places will be immediately supplied by competent officers, and the men will speedily learn to have confidence in their leaders.

We announce with much pleasure that Major-General Wool will immediately be called to take command at Fortress Monroe. This just appointment will give great satisfaction and confidence to the people. Major-General Butler, it is said, will be called upon to co-operate with Major-General McClellan on the Potomac.

Major-General Banks is now in almost impregnable position at Sandy Hook, opposite Harper's Ferry. His column is rapidly filling up, and the reinforcements arrived and arriving will more than supply the deficiency caused by the return of the three months' regiments.

The State Convention of Missouri, by which the Rebels hoped to vote the State into the arms of the Southern Confederacy, has miserably frustrated all their hopes. By its action the office of Governor and all other offices in the Government held by Secession sympathisers are declared vacant. A Provisional Government has been appointed in its place, and the noble State of Missouri stands boldly forward loyal to the Union. This is a great result, and will have a most beneficial effect upon the counsels of the States still hesitating.

General Braggadocia Wise has retreated body and boots with his Rebel hordes, and is closely pursued by General Rosencrans' column. It is probable that by this time he is surrounded and will have to fight or surrender. In an open field fight the result is certain, for the Rebels in no case have been able to make a stand in a hand to hand encounter with our brave troops. It is possible that he is retreating towards some other Bull's Run nest of concealed batteries, but we have confidence in General Rosencrans; he has been somewhat schooled by McClellan, and we feel assured of his prudence and foresight.

We do not hear of any movement in the main body of the Rebels in Virginia. The amount of their forces is variously stated, and if any movement has taken place it is carefully and

prudently concealed from public knowledge. Their tactics may be a masterly inactivity; if it is so, they could not play into our hands more entirely to our satisfaction.

It is rumored that Newport News is threatened; that an attack may be momentarily expected. If an attack is made the Rebels will have a taste of our batteries, and we shall see if with such odds against them, which has been the case with our men in every engagement, they will accomplish as much as we have achieved. Unless the Rebels advance in overwhelming force they will have a terrible lesson at Newport News.

We annex a list of the army appointments which have been approved by the Senate:

Major-Generals McClellan, Fremont, Dix and Banks, and Brigadier-Generals Hooker, Curtis, McCall, Sherman, Lander, Kelley, Kearney, Pope, Heintzelman, Porter, Stone, Reynolds, Hunter, Franklin, Rosencrans, Buell, Mansfield, McDowell, Meigs, Lyons, Sigel and Prentiss.

Our Navy is not dead—it only sleepeth, and the Rebel pirates roam about our coasts, kidnap our vessels with their crews and passengers, and send them into ports for confiscation with perfect impunity. It would be a curious thing to see some activity among our national vessels; if the instinct of some of our commanders would lead them upon the track of one of the many pirates now roving our seas at will, it would create a lively sensation all over the country. But that, we fear, is too much to hope for.

The action of Congress during the past week will be found in another column. Many important bills have been passed, among which the Direct Taxation Bill will create the liveliest discussion throughout the country. It will be deemed very oppressive by many classes, but it is a sheer necessity at this time, and every one must be prepared to make some sacrifice to support the Government at this period of difficulty and danger.

"Forward to Richmond."

THERE has been a terrible and preposterous howling over the above caption, which appeared daily at the head of the columns of the New York Tribune. Whatever may now be said for party purposes, every candid man will admit that "Forward to Richmond" expressed in brief compass the leading idea and the dominant wish of the whole country. It was the very embodiment of public sentiment, and conveyed at once a demand for activity and a rebuke for official dilatoriness. It stereotyped the thought of every true patriot, whose highest aspirations were for the speediest settlement of this gigantic and disastrous rebellion, and the return to that beneficent peace which has blessed this country with such unexampled prosperity for so many years.

"Forward to Richmond" did not mean forward and fail. It did not urge an attempt without adequate means; it did not prompt a battle unprepared, without plan or foresight; but it did suggest the utmost activity, the most rapid concentration of all available forces, to the end that the rebels should be crushed and Richmond occupied. Who will deny that this is the one thing that we all wished, asked and prayed for? That it was attempted without any plan, with inadequate means, and that it ended in a disastrous and blundering defeat, cannot be attributed to our wishing, asking and praying, but to the Government—which, ignorant of the strength of the enemy and blind to our own weakness, yielded, where it should have controlled, the popular desire. This endeavor to shift the responsibility of the Bull's Run affair on to the shoulders of the editor of the Tribune is so incomparably mean and contemptible, that all earnest thinkers laugh the pretext to scorn, and see at a glance through its unutterable mendacity.

No one mourns the result more sincerely or deeply than we do, not only for the loss of our gallant troops, but for the loss of our military prestige. Still, even from that disaster we glean great comfort, for it has caused to be called to the head of the army of the Potomac a man of military genius, a prompt and thorough soldier; it has caused a searching investigation into the soldierly capacities of our officers, and it has taught us not to despise the prowess of our foes. These are great gains, from which we may predicate brilliant and enduring triumphs in the future, and after all that has been said and all that has been done, still the reigning sentiment in the public mind is "Forward to Richmond," but next time—GO THERE.

Merchant Captains Volunteering in the Navy.

A LARGE number of our able and experienced merchant captains have volunteered as acting-masters in the navy; and many of them have, we understand, been accepted. This is an excellent movement—one which will assuredly have a very beneficial effect upon the service. It has long needed new blood, and a better infusion than that which we have mentioned could hardly be found. Our merchant captains, as a class, are superior to the same class of any other nation. They are generally educated men, thoroughly qualified in their profession, gentlemen in manners and association, and the most daring and successful mariners that navigate the highway of the seas. Strict in the routine of their duty, prompt and decisive in emergencies, full of the spirit of enterprise and adventure, and as familiar with the ocean charts as with their alphabet—they are the very men we should select to hunt up and destroy the rebel pirates which now begin to infest our seas, to the great injury of our commerce and the imminent risk of our ships, their crews and passengers.

We hope to see this movement go on steadily; but there is one drawback which we fear will paralyze it in its initial steps. It seems that an acting master, although an officer, whose duties involve an immense responsibility, is not in the line of promotion that he may commence and live and die an acting-master and nothing else. When we think of the sacrifices which many of the captains must make in giving up lucrative positions in ships, of which a large proportion are part owners, and when it is admitted that they are super-eminent fitted for their new positions, and that they supply a need which could not otherwise be supplied, we can see no possible reason, beyond red-tape routine, why our merchant captain volunteers should not at once be placed upon the line of promotion. They would do honor to our navy, and we do not fear to assert that, under their energetic action, the heels of the rascal pirates would not be able to save their necks. Let them be placed upon the line of promotion,

FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.

No. 5 of this magnificent Pictorial History of the War, edited by E. G. Squier, is now ready. All the back numbers are reprinted, and can be supplied to complete sets. Testimonials from the highest authorities and the universal voice of the press place FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR among the most remarkable works of the time, as a history of the present great crisis, altogether unapproachable in the magnificence of its illustrations, and in the accuracy, completeness and brilliancy of the historical record.

PERSONAL.

THE Hon. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, has resigned his position of Secretary of State in the Rebel Cabinet, and has been succeeded by R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia.

GENERAL ROBERT ANDERSON recently visited Congress, and received the compliments of the leading members. He is restored in health, and ready to assume his command in Kentucky.

PRINCE NAPOLEON and the Princess Clothilde arrived here on Saturday, the 27th of July, in their yacht the *Jerome Bonaparte*. He left New York on the 31st for Washington, on a visit to the President. The Princess Clothilde remains in New York. She is accompanied by the Duchess D'Abrantes.

QUARTERMASTER FRYOE, brother of the famous fire-eater and bowie-knife swallower, Roger, was taken prisoner at Bull's Run. He was the correspondent of the *Memphis Avalanche* and the *Appeal*.

MR. AARON CLARK, formerly Mayor of this city, died August 1st, in his seventy-seventh year. He was a noble specimen of the old school.

If any curious person should wish to know who are fighting for the Union, let him refer to the lists of the killed and wounded. It is half composed of O's and Mac's. The Americans seem "chary of their crimson."

GENERAL FLOURNOY, of Arkansas, died on the 2d at Louisville. He had been a rebel General, but subsequently repented and returned to his sister's house, where death closed his sufferings. The Union journals say it was repentance that killed him, while a Secession paper says it was whiskey. He was a brave and honorable man, despite his one great error.

BESOP BOWMAN died suddenly on the 2d August, on his way from Pittsburg to Butler.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Journal* says that Pierre Soule is an ardent Unionist, and that he is in New Orleans perfectly neutral.

MISCELLANEOUS UNION NEWS.

CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—General Fremont and staff and a fleet of eight steamers and four companies of light artillery, all equipped, arrived at Cairo, August 2d. They were enthusiastically received by the soldiers and citizens. A salute was fired by the battery at Fort Prentiss. The troops were landed at Bird's Point, swelling the force at that camp to about eight thousand. No news from the rebel camp.

The steamer S. P. Cheny, running in connection with the Nashville and Mobile and Ohio Railroad, was seized at Columbus, Kentucky, by the rebels from Tennessee.

Scouts who have just returned from the South report that the rebels at New Madrid are well armed and well drilled, and that they have very fine batteries of ten pound field pieces, which are offered by foreigners. They have also two regiments of cavalry well equipped. General Pillow, who is in command, promised Governor Jackson to place twenty thousand men in Missouri at once. He has issued a proclamation, full of wind and bombast, to the people of Missouri, declaring his intention to drive the invaders from the State, and enable her people to regain those rights so ruthlessly taken away by the forces who march under banners inscribed with "beauty and booty," as the reward of victory. He says that he will show no quarter to those who are taken in arms against the State.

MISSOURI.—A gentleman just from Lexington, Missouri, reports that one of the oldest citizens in Lafayette county, Jos. S. Lightner, was shot in attempting to pass the guards put out by Colonel White's command. The citizens of Lexington and vicinity are much excited over his death.

Ben McCullough and General Jackson, having devastated the country where they are encamped, are slowly moving northward in three divisions for the better subsistence of the troops. We are quietly awaiting their approach, our troops being ready for a battle. The unfavorable news from Virginia has impressed them with a fresh desire to recover in the West whatever prestige may have been lost in the East. General Lyon's command is now only six thousand strong, a considerable number of the three months men having gone to St. Louis, to receive their pay and be mustered out of service, a great many of whom will doubtless re-enlist and return here soon.

JEFFERSON CITY, August 1.—The Missouri and Western Telegraph Company commenced taking down their line west of this place this morning, owing to the disturbed state of the country between this and the Kansas border. It is the Company's property, which is being rapidly destroyed by lawless persons, who roam unrestrained throughout that portion of the State. Despatches going to Kansas City, Missouri, and to points in Kansas and Nebraska, will go hereafter via Quincy, with little delay.

MEXICO, August 2.—General Pope has established his headquarters here for the present. Colonel Grant's and a portion of Colonel Turner's regiment, and four companies of Colonel Marshall's cavalry are quartered here. The water is both inconvenient and impure, and a change of rendezvous will be made as soon as arrangements can be perfected for an encampment.

Brigadier-General Hurlbutt was detached from here to-day, to select a camping ground near Jefferson City, where some thirty thousand troops will be congregated under General Pope's command. General Pope is assigned to all the forces north of St. Louis. These troops will consist principally of Illinois regiments together by themselves, and thus form one arm of the Western army. General Pope hereafter designs to permit no more scouting, deeming it an injury to the efficiency of the troops for service.

The people will be held strictly responsible for depredations committed. If hostilities occur and troops are called to the relief, they will be sent in sufficient numbers to take possession of the village or villages that may be making trouble. Soldiers will be quartered in the houses, and draw rations of the citizens. This, it is believed, is the only means of making and keeping the people duly vigilant to their own and the United States' interests.

WASHINGTON, August 3.—General Wool is to assume command at Fort Monroe next week.

It is said that General McCall, of Pennsylvania, is to be appointed to the command of the troops between here and Point of Rocks. Some ten regiments have been sent here within a few days. Out of this probably has sprung the foolish rumor that he was to supersede General Banks.

BALTIMORE, August 1.—Shortly after four o'clock yesterday afternoon the Fifth New York regiment arrived at the Camden station, from Sandy Hook, Maryland, and after a delay of upwards of an hour, marched to the President street depot, where it was expected a train of cars would be in readiness to convey the regiment to Philadelphia. At half-past seven o'clock, however, no cars could be obtained. Information shortly afterwards reached the depot that the soldiers could be transported to Philadelphia via the Northern Central Railroad, and that a train was ready to start from the Bolton depot at any moment.

The regiment accordingly took up the line of march and passed up Central avenue to Monument street, and when at the corner of Enser street a party of Irish Secessionists began cheering for Jeff Davis. The cheering was accompanied by a shower of stones that fell among the volunteers. The latter, not forgetting the murderous riot of the 19th of April, supposed that a repetition of that bloody day was to be enacted. The soldiers acting upon that impulse, immediately fixed their bayonets and charged upon the men who lined the sidewalks. Several shots were also fired, but we could hear of no one being injured.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 2.—Information has been received from Lieut. Crosby's expedition to the eastern shore of Virginia, which left Old Point three days ago. The Potomac and two small rivers were explored for a number of miles. Several parties of armed Secessionists on shore were dispersed. One schooner was burned and another brought in as a prize.

One of the propellers belonging to the expedition is ashore at the Cherry Stone, and it is feared will be lost.

An educated German, a private belonging to the Tenth regiment of New York, was arrested yesterday for correspondence with the enemy. A letter to General Lee was found on his person. Ambition for advancement is supposed to have been his principal motive. His letter contained no revelations of importance concerning the fortress.

The Vermont regiment will leave for home, via New Haven, on Sunday.

At Newport News, a Captain Barnard shot a private belonging to his company, and was, in consequence, obliged to leave the camp.

A large quantity of liquor was yesterday destroyed at Newport News, by command of General Butler. The General goes to Washington, to-night.

KANAWHA RIVER, FIGHT OF GOVERNOR WISE.—The steamer *Dunleith* arrived from the Kanawha River on the 4th inst., and from her officers we have the following items from our troops up that stream. They left Charleston Sunday evening. General Cox's brigade was at Gauley Bridge, which had been burned by the Secessionists. The steamers *Kanawha Valley* and *Julia Moffitt* had been burned and sunk, the former at Camelon, eight miles above Charleston, and the latter at Taylor, four miles below. Governor Wise, his two sons and staff were at dinner at the Kanawha House, when a courier arrived and announced that General Rosecrans was on the march to head his force from a retreat into Virginia. The party immediately rushed from the hotel and ordered the Wise Legion to retreat. Two hours after, word was sent across the river for the Kanawha Rangers to follow. This so enraged the Kanawha troops

that three companies deserted. Wise threatened to burn Charleston, but the persuasions of the citizens prevented him from executing that threat. Houses, were, however, plundered, and provisions carried away in great abundance. The Federal forces, upon entering Charleston, succeeded in capturing fifty tents, nine boxes of medicines, thirty-five barrels of whiskey and a quantity of stores. While pursuing the rebels a number of guns, knapsacks, &c., were found on the road, and seventeen prisoners taken. After the Federal forces had taken possession of Charleston, the Union men, who had fled to the mountains for safety, returned, and immediately two companies of Home Guards were formed under Captain Boling. A report was current at Charleston on Sunday that the rebels were disheartened with Wise, and that he had been shot. His force entire numbers 3,500 men. The Charlestonians who were at the battle of Scary Creek, report they killed 65, and wounded 117. The *Dunleith* brought down a number of trophies taken from the rebels.

HOTCHKISS'S SHOT AND SHELL AND WARD'S STEEL RIFLED CANNON.—The result of the recent trials of Hotchkiss's shot and shell with Ward's steel rifled cannon at West Point and Washington, by order of the War and Navy Departments, has been a decided triumph. Mr. Hotchkiss having received an order from the Ordnance Department to supply, for the State of Ohio, 7,000 shot and shell in equal proportions; and Mr. Ward unlimited orders to furnish his steel rifled cannon—from six to fifty-pounders—for the navy, and six and twelve-pounders for the various divisions of the army, including orders from the State of Illinois, and for General Fremont's column, each gun to be supplied with one hundred rounds of Hotchkiss's shot and shell.

A WASHINGTON letter relates that a New York Zouave recently took a horse belonging to a rebel, and has ever since been much elated with his capture. A day or two since the owner of the animal presented himself to the Zouave and demanded the horse. "I have taken the oath of allegiance," said he, "and the animal is mine." "You may have taken the oath," answered the New Yorker, "but the horse has not, and I shall keep him till he does." There was no replying to this, and the Zouave keeps his horse.

While one of our chaplains of the army was repeating this line of the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," a soldier added, with a loud voice, "I fresh."

DRAWING RATIONS.—There are some episodes in the life of a soldier provocative of laughter, and that serve to dispense in some measure the ennui of camp life. Not long ago, a farmer, who did not reside so far from a camp of "the boys" as he wished he did, was accustomed to find every morning that several rows of potatoes had disappeared from his field. He bore it some time, but when the last sort of his field of fine "kidneys" began to disappear, he began to think that sort of thing had gone far enough, and determined to stop it. Accordingly he made a visit to camp early next morning, and amused himself by going around to see whether the soldiers were provided with good and wholesome provisions. He had not proceeded far when he found a "boy" just serving up a fine dish of "kidneys," which looked marvellously like those that the good wife brought to his own table. Halting, the following colloquy ensued:

"Have fine potatoes here, I see?"
"Splendid!" was the reply.
"Where do you get them?"
"Draw them!"
"Does Government furnish potatoes in your rations?"
"Nary potato."
"I thought you said you drew them?"
"Did I? We just do that thing!"
"But how? If they are not included in your rations?"
"Easiest thing in the world! Won't you take some with us?" said the soldier, as he seated himself at the table opposite the smoking vegetables.
"Thank you! But will you oblige me by telling how you draw your potatoes, as they are not found by the Commissary?"
"Nothing easier. Draw 'em by the tops, mostly! Sometimes with a hoe, if one is left in the field."
"Hum! Yes! I understand! Well, see here! If you won't draw any more of mine, I will bring you a basket every morning, and draw them myself."

"Bully for you, old fellow!" was the cry, and three cheers and a tiger were given for farmer —. There, we like to have written his name! The covenant was entered into, and no one but the owner drew potatoes from the field afterward.

GENERAL BANKS'S COLUMN.—The number of troops at Sandy Hook, Maryland, is being daily augmented by the arrival of new and well-disciplined regiments, and the Commanding General and staff are busy in organizing the army into brigades and divisions. The rumored approach of General Johnston towards Leesburg has caused a sharp look-out by General Banks, but no signs of the enemy have yet been discovered. The first reports of the strength of Johnston's army are now thought to have been exaggerated.

Captain McMullin's Rangers, whose term does not expire till the 13th proximo, are quartered in the orchard at General Banks's headquarters.

Colonel Geary's regiments are about one hundred yards distant, with Colonel Mann's regiment on their left. In the rear of these are the Federal Cavalry and the First City Troop. The latter are all well and in excellent spirits, and expect to return on the 18th of next month.

The Rhode Island Artillery, which fought at Bull's Run, arrived here this morning with a full battery.

The point formerly occupied by the Kentucky Rifle Regiment, on the Maryland side, opposite Harper's Ferry, is now garrisoned by our troops.

There are but few of the three months men now left in this column, but the force for the war continue to arrive in large numbers.

There is no regular post office at Sandy Hook. Letters addressed to the officers and men of the regiments now stationed here, would reach them with greater certainty by being sent to Knoxville, two miles below here.

CAPTAIN ROWAN, of the Pawnee, has received the following letter: "ALEXANDRIA, Monday, July 29, 1861."

"Sir—I learned last evening that a person arrived here from Aquia Creek, who states that the Confederates have taken all the upper works of the steamer *Pappanook*, and have put six guns on board of her, and that all the flat boats on the Rappahannock have been brought over to the Potomac, the party saying they had a great many in the Creek. I suppose their object is to intercept some of the propellers on their way up the river, with stores, &c."

Upon the receipt of this the Department ordered the Pawnee to Aquia Creek, agreeing with Commander Craven, who inclosed the letter, that "the collection of so many flat boats must be for some other object than that of intercepting passing steamers."

BRITISH VESSELS VIOLATING THE EMBARGO.—The British brig *Herald*, which was captured July 16th and taken to Philadelphia for attempting to run the blockade, cleared from Boston May 27th, ostensibly for Turk's Island, but was then chartered by parties in New York for Beaufort, N. C., with the intent to try the experiment of running the blockade.

It is well known in Boston that other British vessels have left these ports within thirty days for Wilmington and other ports in North Carolina, to take cargoes for England and the British provinces.

SOUTHERN MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN OPINION OF GENERAL McCLELLAN.—The New Orleans *True Delta* says: "We hear that McClellan, an officer of unquestionable capacity, an accomplished, enterprising and successful soldier, is to be put at the head of the invading armies, subordinate only to Lieutenant-General Scott. We do not regret this change, so far as the fame of Beauregard is concerned; on the contrary, we rejoice that it has been made, because we know there could be little credit in scattering such troops as have hitherto encountered our heroic men in battle, led on by the Pattersons, Butlers and such like political trash. McClellan is worthy of Beauregard's attention, and while we have not for a moment a doubt of the result of their first measurement of arms in the field, nor of any later conflict, so far as the honor and reputation of Louisiana's great soldier is involved, we hope when they are face to face arrayed against each other no great disparity of force nor deficiency of material will be allowed to cripple either side on the eventual occasion. In presence of an officer so roughly a soldier as McClellan, it will not do for our gallant boys to sleep or be negligent on outpost duty in contempt of their foe; he will, if any one can, make something of the sons of the Pilgrims, the descendants of the Mayflower's passengers, and therefore our complete satisfaction that one whom it will be really a great honor to defeat is now at the head of the Lincoln army of subjugation."

BUSINESS RELATIONS BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH.—The following queries have been put to the Confederate District Attorney at Charleston:

First. Is it lawful for a citizen of the Confederate States to purchase of our enemy State stocks or bonds of any of the Confederate States, and demand the interest when due?

Second. Is it lawful for the same parties to purchase notes given by merchants of the Southern Confederacy to Northern houses, and demand payment for the same?

Third. Is it lawful and proper to pursue the above course, would it not be equally legal for the small trader to buy merchandise of the enemy; or, in other words, does the law intend to operate in favor of the fortunate holders of capital against the humble dealers in wares and merchandise?

The response is as follows: "The acts specified by you certainly constitute 'trading with the enemy' peculiarly objectionable, because they afford a direct assistance to the enemy by the transmission of money to foster the resources. And, in addition, such conduct is highly unpatriotic, because directly injurious to the interests of the States and citizens of our Confederacy, whose obligations are thus withdrawn from the enemy's country, where it is for the interests of such States that they should remain, since they could not there be called upon for payment during the war. Such operations are certainly worse than the simple purchase of merchandise in the enemy's country, because they, at the same time, aid our enemies and injure our friends."

DEFENSES OF NEW ORLEANS.—The commission of engineers appointed to prepare plans of fortifications at various points have submitted them to the Governor and Colonel Herbert. Full power has been given to the engineers to take possession of certain lands and buildings for the purpose of erecting the fortifications, and all the works are now rapidly progressing. Arrangements have also been made for the erection of a powder mill, and a resolution has passed the City Council authorizing the Comptroller to warrant on the City Treasurer for \$50,000 for defraying present expenses, out of the \$200,000 appropriation for the defenses of the city.

A TERRIBLE WEAPON.—Captain Butler, of the Barrow Guard, has exhibited to the editor of the *Delta* a specimen of the new scythe pike, as used by the Foles

in their war of independence, which is truly a most frightful weapon. It is intended to be used against cavalry or infantry, and can be made very cheaply. It consists of the ordinary scythe blade attached to a stout staff, eight or ten feet long, with a hook. It will be a terrible weapon in the hands of brave men.

CHURCH SERVICE FOR THE DEAD.—There was service at the cathedral, in Louisville, Ky., on Monday, and prayer was offered up on the occasion for the souls of those who were slain in battle at Manassas. The Right Rev. Bishop Spalding preached an appropriate discourse to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the cathedral.

AN EDITOR AND A SPORTING MAN KILLED.—The Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* says that among the killed in the battle was George Stovall, of Rome, Ga., editor of the *Southern*. James Jackson, of Alabama, the well-known sporting man, and part owner of the racehorse Daniel Boone, was also killed.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.

The response which New York has made to the call of the President is a triumphant proof of the devoted loyalty of the Empire State. Regiment after regiment has been sent forth, and a large number of others are now in the course of construction. Exclusive of militia, New York State and city have sent to the field of war forty-eight three-years' regiments, each having a full complement of men. Transportation and supplies were provided:

By the State—1st to 38th Regiments inclusive..... 38
By the Union Defence Committee—the Mozart, Tammany, DeKalb and Garibaldi Regiments..... 4
By the U. S.—Sickles Brigade..... 3
By the U. S.—2d Regiment New York State Militia..... 1
By the U. S.—9th Regiment New York State Militia..... 1
By the U. S.—79th Regiment New York State Militia..... 1

Total gone for three years..... 48

The following are nearly ready, and will probably take their departure before the end of next week:

Sickles Brigade, 5th Regiment, Colonel Graham..... 1
Firemen's Brigade, 2d Regiment, Colonel Fairman..... 1
Long Island Volunteers, Colonel Adams..... 1
United States Chasseurs, Colonel Cochran..... 1
Anderson Zouaves, Colonel Riker..... 1

Total now ready for three years..... 6

The following is a list of the regiments now filling up their complements, together with the localities of their depots:

Berdan's Sharpshooters, Weehawken..... 600
British Volunteers, 564 Broadway.....
Cameron Light Infantry, 491 Broadway.....
Clinton Guard, 43 William street.....
Constitution Guards, 481 Canal street.....
Colonel Ramsey's Regiment, 160 Hester street..... 1,600
Colonel Serrell's Engineers, 539 Broadway.....
Duryea's Zouaves, Lafayette Hall.....
Eleventh Regiment..... 900
Fifty-fifth Regiment, New Dorp, S. I..... 400
First Long Island Volunteers, Fort Schuyler..... 1,046
First Regiment Union Brigade, 13 Broadway.....
First Oregon Rifles, 43 Cortlandt street..... 600
First Regiment Irish Artillery, Staten Island.....
First Washington Greys, 534 Broadway..... 650
Fremont Regiment, 85 Forsyth street.....
German Rangers, 189 Bowery.....
German Black Sharpshooters, Linda Hall.....
Hovred Regiment, 397 Broadway..... 250
Ira Harris's Guard (Cavalry), 564 Broadway.....
Lincoln Cavalry, Disbrow's Academy..... 1,400
Mechanics' Rifles, Park Barracks..... 550
Mounted Rifles, Elm Park..... 600
President's Life Guard, 596 Broadway..... 850
Scott Rifles, 19 Beekman street.....
Second Fire Zouaves..... 200
Second Regiment, N. Y. S. M., Seventh street and Hall place.....
Third Irish Regiment, Palace Garden.....
Union Life Guard, 130 Water street.....
United States Chasseurs, Willett's Point..... 500
Vander Battery, 200 Bleecker street.....
Yates's Rifles, 429 Broadway..... 400
Manhattan Rifles, 641 Broome street..... 400

FOREIGN FLOATINGS CAUGHT BY THE WAY.

RECENTLY, among other documents produced for the inspection of the Admiralty relative to property along the eastern shore of the island, Admiral Sir Graham Hamond produced a title, a grant, made in the reign of Edward I., and bearing date 1288, when the heir apparent, the first Prince of Wales, was a boy of four years old. It was written in French, in a beautiful hand, and the attached impression of the great seal of England was remarkably clear. Some present familiar tale of Wight family names occurred in the document.

A LETTER from Weimar announces the approaching marriage of Listz, the pianist, to the Princess Wittgenstein—a match which has been already spoken of.

At the approaching musical festival at Nuremberg, 4,400 singers are to assemble, drawn from 160 different places. Some of them will travel from great distances. For instance, from Kiel, in Denmark, and Presburg, in Hungary.

Her Britannic Majesty's Commissioners for the Universal Exhibition of 1862 have applied to MM. Auber, Meyerbeer and Rossini for three new musical compositions destined to represent France, Germany and Italy, to be performed at the opening of the Exhibition. M. Rossini, who was requested to supply a Triumphant March, sent the following reply to the secretary:

"I regret my inability to accept the honor proposed to me by Her Majesty's Commission for 1862. If I still belonged to the musical world, I should have made it a duty and a pleasure to prove, on this occasion, that I have not forgotten the noble hospitality of England. Allow me to hope, sir, that you will be kind enough to communicate all my regret to your colleagues, with the assurance of my high consideration. G. ROSSINI."

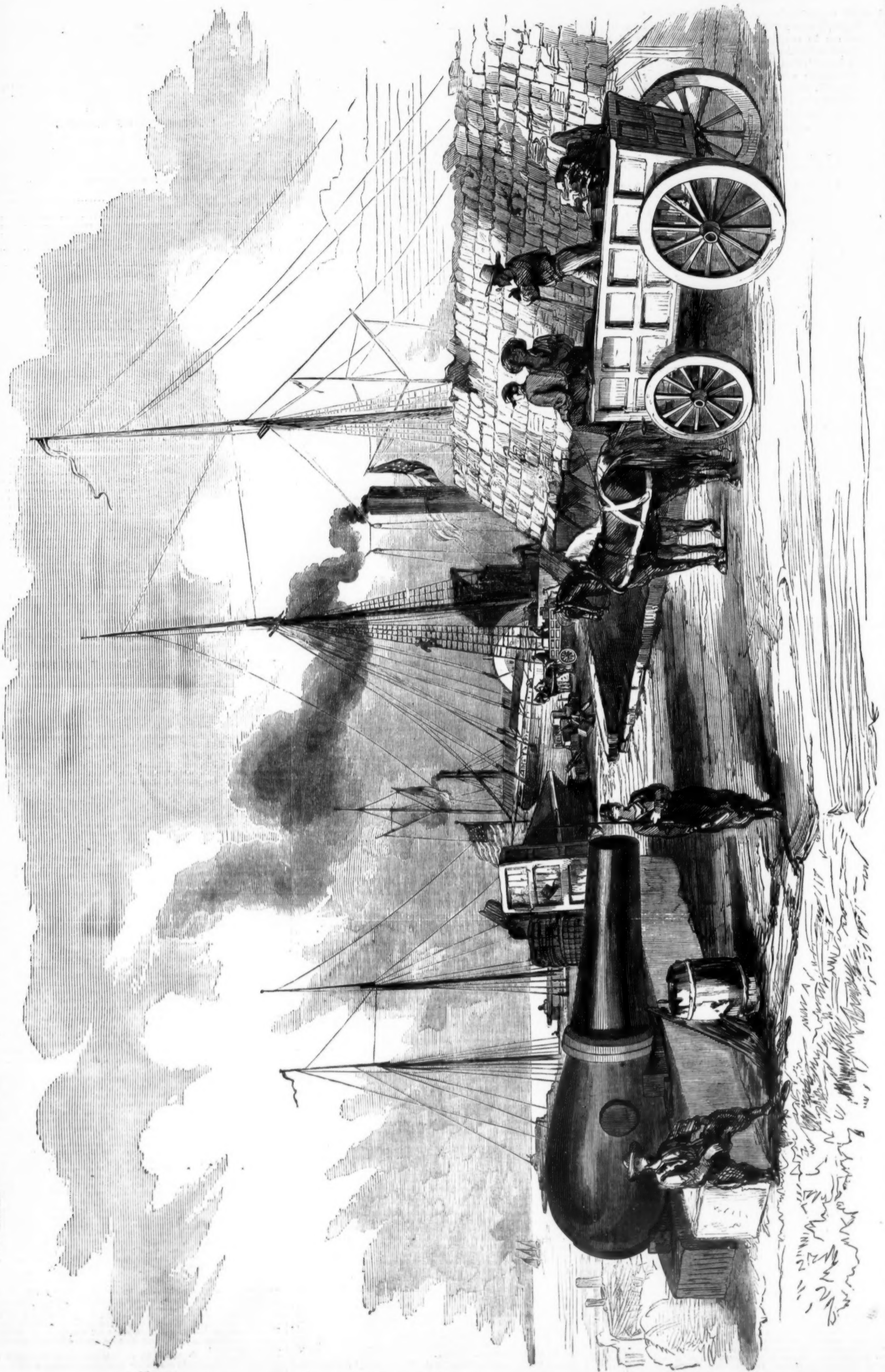
A NEW system of stage lighting has just been adopted at the Grand Opera, Paris, doing away with the old foot or ramp, which had been found so injurious to the eyes as well as to the voices of the performers. In the present arrangement, the foot is raised thirty centimetres (two and a half feet) below the boards of the stage, and the emanations from the burners are carried off through two pipes reaching to the roof. The luminous rays, collected by a double reflector in the shape of a sea-shell, are transmitted to the stage through a sloping aperture, covered with a plate of dull glass, which subdues the glare of the gas. By this contrivance, all danger of the actresses' dresses catching fire is obviated, and a source of hurtful emanations and disagreeable heat, as inconvenient to the spectators as it is to the actors, removed. The air, being no longer disturbed by the vibrations caused by the heat, the propagation of the sonorous rays is much more regular, and even the light cast on the stage is stronger and better distributed. M. Lissajoux, professor of natural philosophy at the Lycée St. Louis, is the inventor of this system.

The brigades in the Abruzzi and in Calabria recommence. Letters received by deputies from these provinces describe the position of affairs in very alarming terms. The mountains and plains are swarming with brigands, who, being unable to satiate their vengeance on persons, gratify themselves by the most wanton destruction of property. Could not Garibaldi "put this down?" He has made Italy great, he might make her a little more respectable in the eyes of the world.

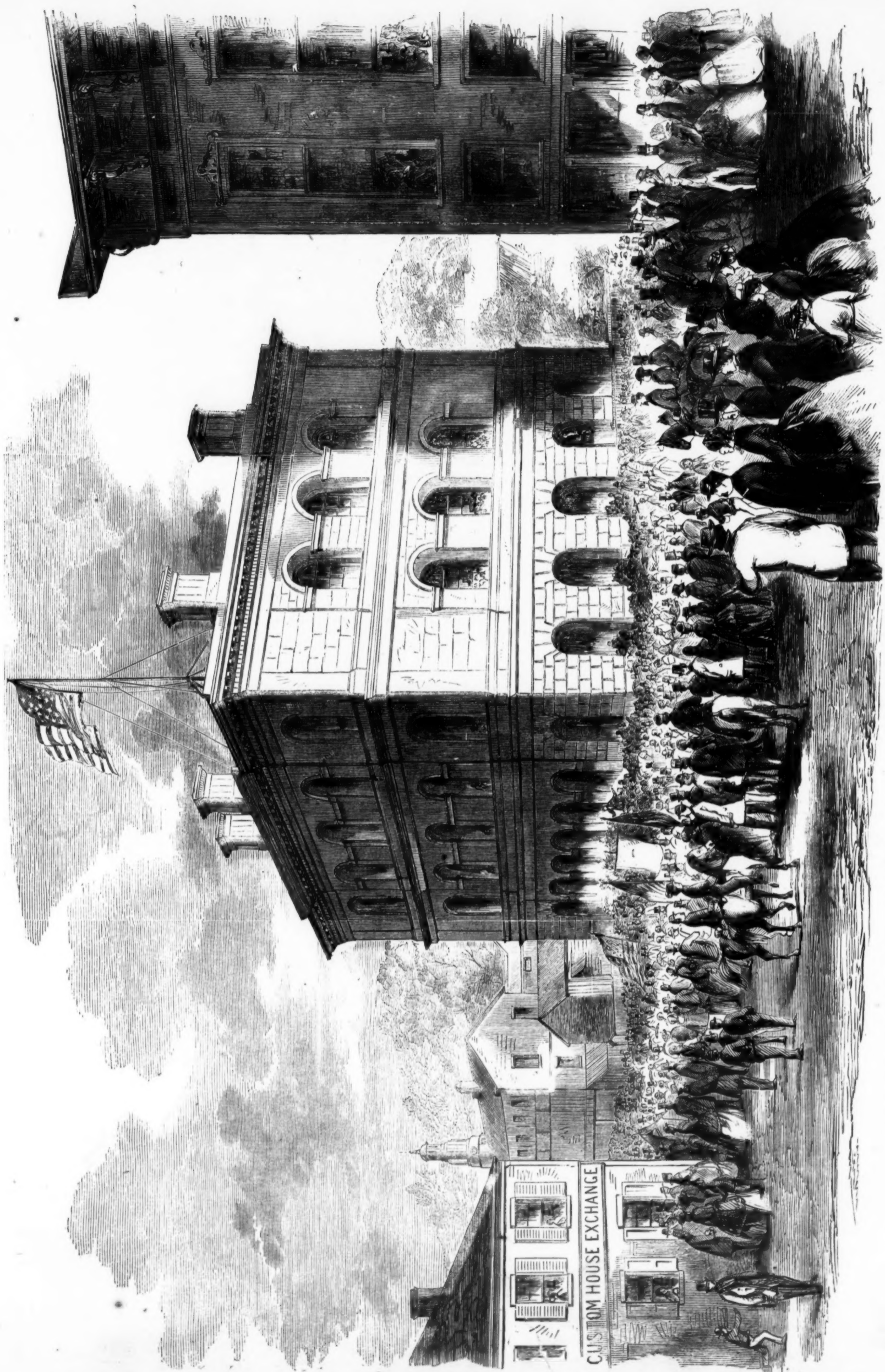
A CURIOUS rencontre took place the other day on board one of the Rhine steamboats. An officer of noble extraction, belonging to the Guards, had encountered himself in the cabin with some ladies of his acquaintance, when an elderly gentleman, in ordinary attire, came in and joined the circle. The officer received the visitor in a surly manner, telling him to take off his hat. The gentleman taking no notice of the request, his hat was immediately struck off by the military butch. Upon this the insulted individual immediately complained to the captain of the vessel, requesting him to put in force one of the bye-laws contained in his instructions, and set the offensive officer on shore at the next station. From this offensive proceeding the skipper naturally shrank, apparently not wishing to take active measures against so noble a specimen of humanity as an officer of the Prussian Guard. After the next station had been passed, and he found that his request had not been attended to, the old gentleman again repaired to the captain and disclosed himself as Prince Hohenzollern, President of the Prussian Cabinet. Now at last the scene changed. The proud were humbled and the mighty cast down. The master of the vessel no longer hesitated to act up to his instructions: the officer of the Guard was at the feet of the highest personage in the realm next to the reigning dynasty, and humbly begging for pardon. The Prince then addressed the offender in the following very sensible terms: "It is in my power to punish your unseemly behavior against a person not distinguished by military uniform in a way that would ruin your prospects for life. I shall, however, content myself with seeing the instructions of the captain put in force." The crestfallen officer was then landed at the earliest opportunity.

JUDGE DOOLY was remarkable for his wit as well as other talents. At one place where he attended court he was not pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of his arrival a hog, under the name of pig, had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect, and it was on the table on the day on which the court adjourned. As the party finished dinner, Judge Dooly rose from the table, and in a solemn manner thus addressed the clerk:

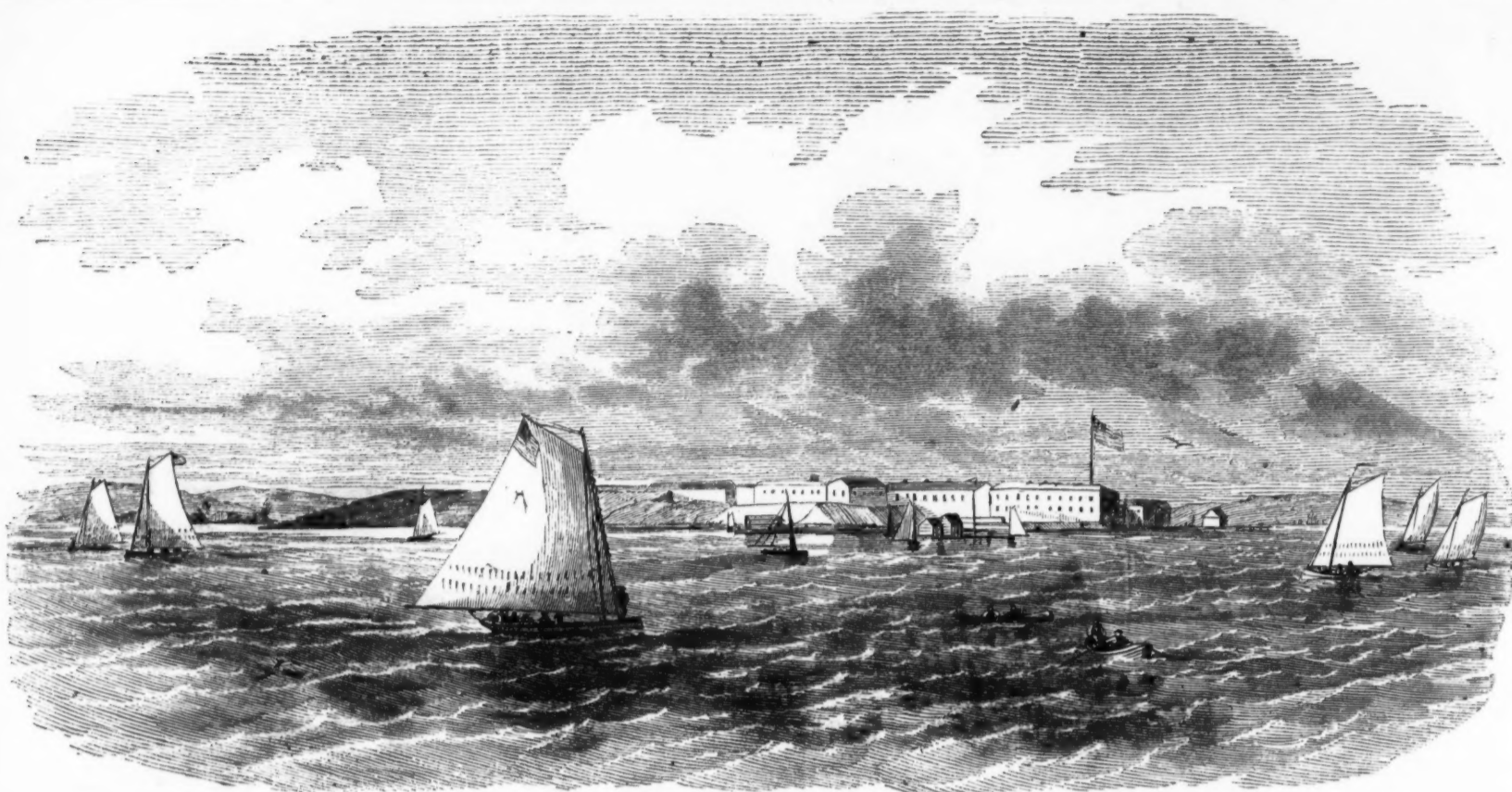
"Mr. Clerk, do miss that hog on his recognition until the first day of the next court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term that I don't think it will be necessary to take away security."



THE GREAT UNION GUN, INTENDED TO BE MOUNTED ON THE DECK OF THE MINNESOTA, NOW ON THE DOCK AT FORTRESS MONROE, VA.—THE SHOT FOR THE UNION GUN WEIGHS THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 193.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT WHEELING, VA., NOW THE SEAT OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 198.



OUR WATERING-PLACES—VIEW OF FORT ADAMS, NEWPORT HARBOR, RHODE ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

NEWPORT LIFE ON THE SEASHORE.

BREATHING is a necessity of life, at least so it is generally admitted, and breathing in the summer time is quite as necessary as it is in the winter season. But that it is more difficult to do that natural functional exercise in the city during the summer months is an ascertained matter of fact, from the experience of a vast number of our citizens. The general desire is to go somewhere "where they can breathe," and so they go by thousands to Newport, where the breezes from the great ocean inflate their lungs with health, in the same proportion as their pockets are depleted by the great bill for necessary expenses. This is all right; for as they could not live in New York, and can live in Newport, the privilege is certainly worth paying for.

It is no use telling our readers that in ancient times Newport was a place of great commercial importance, or that the ravages of the British during the Revolutionary War reduced that busy place almost to a desert, and its population from twelve to four thousand, for they know all about that as well as we do ourselves. But the romance of history which hangs around the place is not the least of its many attractions.

Fashion has dedicated the place to pleasure, and her votaries flock to it year after year with the anticipation of renewed delights. It has many picturesque and charming features within easy reach of ride or drive. Among them its beaches stand pre-eminent. They are known as the First, Second and Third. The one most used is the First Beach; as it is the great bathing spot of Newport, and as bathing is one of the daily duties of seashore life, the importance of this particular beach may be better imagined than described. The Second and Third Beaches are scarcely less attractive. There will be found the famous rocks called Purgatory, and the still more famous Hanging Rocks, under whose cool shadows it is said that Bishop Berkeley wrote his "Minute Philosopher."

All classes visit Newport, and the social demarcation line is not so rigidly drawn as in our cities. The merchant princes will hobnob with the small trader or artist, and talk horse with the

fast men, and mingle indiscriminately in the dignified pleasures of the billiard-room and the faro saloon. Before the erection of the numerous private villas which now adorn the city, hotel life wore the aspect of a general hail-fellow-well-met community, which was most agreeable to the stranger, and made the whole season a real pleasure time to all. The villa system has tended to reconstruct society on the city basis, and has reproduced the aristocratic and exclusive element; but still Newport maintains its position as a fashionable watering-place, and is second to none in popularity and in patronage.

Who shall describe life at our watering-places? It comprises such a jumble of infinite nothings, in which dancing, eating, drinking, smoking, bathing, walking, riding, singing, playing, talking, flirting add their mites to the grand total. Having nothing to do but to live, the question is how to do it with the least trouble and the most pleasure, and to accomplish this end there is no doubt that one and all exert themselves to the very utmost. That this is not accomplished without many heart-burnings may well be imagined, for where all of the fair sex strive to lead society some must go to the wall, and disappointed ambition is very hard to bear. Still, after a brief time, undue pretensions find their proper level, and the real leaders assume their position, and the rest fall in their wake or establish limited outside coteries of their own to preside over. All this takes the natural course of things, and the wheels of society roll on with a regularity of a machine which, wound up to go, goes.

One of the pleasantest features recently introduced by some of the leading ladies at Newport is the musical matinee, at which distinguished amateurs and artists performed, and to which selected guests were invited. These were given not only at the hotels but at the private houses, and the social courtesies were extended from the one to the other.

One resource to pass away the time is the numerous Newport pleasure boats, in which parties embark to sail or fish in the harbor, or to visit Forts Adams, Wolcott and Brown. The landing place at Fort Adams which we illustrate is often the scene of animated excitement. But the beach at bathing time is a

scene which once witnessed will not be easily forgotten. The variety of ladies' costume, some killingly fascinating, to say nothing of the wearers, and others execrably ugly, also to say nothing of the wearers; the jaunty dresses of the gentlemen, the pretty terrors of some and the preposterous fears of others, the strange pranks which the surf plays with many, the splashing, puffing and diving, and the general excitement and jollity of the bathers and the lookers-on, form a picture of seashore life not to be found in any other country in the world.

Taking it all in all, one can hardly be said to have seen the most peculiar phase of American life if he has not passed at least one season at Newport.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE CONSTRUCTING A MARINE BATTERY,

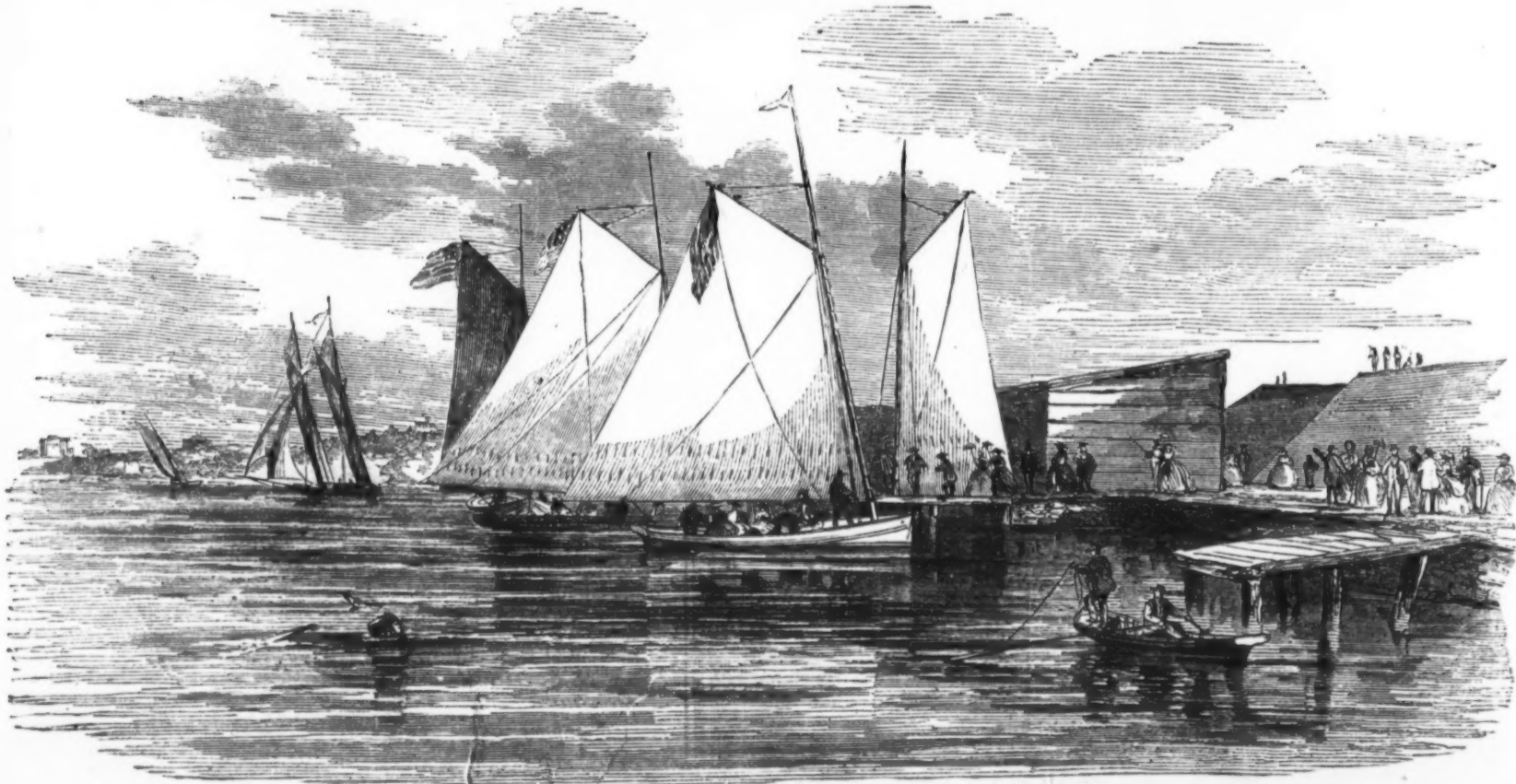
At Shutter's Hill, Virginia.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unfortunate circumstances which attended the arrival of the New York Naval Brigade, commanded by Lieut. Bartlett, in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, and its utter disorganization and dismemberment, it has done good service in its department on many occasions. It is now reformed, well organized and disciplined, and proves a most valuable arm of the service. In addition to its other duties, it is now engaged in constructing a powerful marine battery at Shutter's Hill, for the purpose of guarding Alexandria and commanding the approaches of the Fairfax road. It is an important position, and the work is well planned, strongly constructed, and will be armed with powerful and effective guns.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT WHEELING, VIRGINIA,

The Seat of the New Government.

THE Custom House at Wheeling, Virginia, is a handsome granite building, well and substantially erected. It is furnished with iron staircases and window shutters, and is supposed to be fireproof, as far as any buildings with iron in them can be. It served the purposes not only of Custom House, but of Post Office and National



THE LANDING-PLACE AT FORT ADAMS, NEWPORT HARBOR—PLEASURE PARTIES ARRIVING IN THE FAMOUS NEWPORT BOATS TO VIEW THE FORT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Court Rooms. To these distinctions another has been added, and the Custom House has become the Capitol of the Seat of Government of regenerated Virginia.

The two largest apartments have been surrendered for the use of the Senate and the House of Delegates, and several others furnish ample and convenient offices for the Governor, Secretary, Auditor, Treasurer, &c., of the Commonwealth.

The following is a list of the new Government which has been recognized at Washington: Governor F. H. Pierpont, of Fairmount; Lieutenant-Governor, Daniel Palsley, of Mason county; Secretary of the Commonwealth, L. A. Hagans, of Brandonville; Auditor of the Commonwealth, Samuel Crane, of Beverley; Treasurer, Campbell Tare, of Wellsborough; Attorney-General and Adjutant-General, James S. Wheat, of Wheeling. The Speaker of House of Delegates is Daniel Frost.

COLONEL LEWIS WALLACE.

His gallant officer, whose portrait, with those of his staff, we have now the pleasure of presenting to our readers, is the commander of the Eleventh Indiana Volunteers, and recently distinguished himself by his march upon Romney, where he surprised and defeated a large body of rebels. This brilliant achievement we have illustrated in No. 293.

Colonel Wallace belongs to a noble and patriotic family, since his brother commands the Ninth regiment of Indiana Zouaves, also one of the crack regiments in the national service.

The Eleventh Indiana regiment has distinguished itself most nobly up to the present time. Under the gallant, daring, yet prudent leadership of Colonel Lewis Wallace, it has done good service, acting offensively with gallantry and success, and maintaining itself against all the efforts of the enemy in a difficult and dangerous country. Colonel Lewis Wallace is loved by his officers—a fine body of brave gentlemen—and by his men to a point of devotion; and it is little to say that they would follow wherever he led, no matter what lay before them. He is the personification of the bold and

of the American army at Bunker Hill, and was afterwards killed at the battle of Harlem Heights, New York. The two brothers, Thomas and Daniel Knowlton, had both distinguished themselves in the war between the colonists and English against the French from 1755 to 1760. At the commencement of the Revolution we find these two brothers among the first to take the field in defence of their country, and at Bunker Hill both the historian and the artist have contributed to place the name of Colonel Knowlton among the most prominent of those whom a grateful country will ever delight to honor.

The oft-recited deeds of daring and patriotism among his ancestors thus falling upon the ears of young Nathaniel Lyon, from a mother's lips, may have fired his youthful heart and had much to do with his choice of the profession of arms. At an early age, while under the tuition of an experienced teacher, he showed great mathematical talent, and a power of combination and plan in the development of schemes, which, added to an iron will and an indomitable perseverance, thus early and unmistakably marked him as one "born to command." Nathaniel Lyon was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated with distinction in 1841, and has remained in the army ever since, having risen to the rank of captain in the Second Infantry, and by the recent choice of the Missouri Volunteers has become their Brigadier-General. He is now in the prime of life as a military commander, being forty-two years of age. As will be seen, he has had great experience in his profession, especially in the rougher duties, which fit him so especially for his present position. His service has been principally upon the frontiers—in the Florida, Texas, California, Oregon, Kansas and other Indian and border wars.

He entered the Military Academy as cadet in June, 1837, and graduated in 1841. On graduating from the Military Academy he received his commission as lieutenant in the army, and was at once ordered to join the army in Florida, then operating against the Indians. After uncomplainingly passing through that most disagreeable campaign among the everglades of Florida, he was stationed for some years at various posts on our Western frontier.

Soon after the commencement of hostilities between the United

movements the highest qualification for the command and control of large operations. His victory over Governor Jackson and General Price, at Booneville, proved that war strategy was familiar to him. He has the confidence of Scott and McClellan, and is idolized by his men, who would follow confidently wherever he led. Connecticut should be proud of her son.

RETURN HOME OF THE GALLANT SIXTY-NINTH.

The return home of the gallant Sixty-ninth regiment of N. Y. S. M., on Saturday, July 27, was an ovation as warm and enthusiastic as their orderly conduct, endurance and bravery deserved. Their service of three months has been arduous and trying, and its results have been of infinite service to their country and of enduring honor to themselves and their State. The magnificent fortification—Fort Corcoran, on Arlington Heights, is a splendid memento of the hard work they have done, and their daring and chivalrous bravery at the battle of Bull's Run showed the splendid material of which their regiment was composed.

On the morning of their arrival, the streets were crowded by immense masses of people; the windows and roofs were thronged, and from every available spot flags and tokens were displayed. The gallant fellows were greeted with shouts and applause along the whole line of march, and there was but one regret—that Colonel Corcoran was not present to witness that triumphal entry.

It is well that New York should thus do honor to her brave sons.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. K. F. MANSFIELD.

GENERAL MANSFIELD is a native of Connecticut, from which State he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point, in 1817. He graduated in July, 1822, and was immediately appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. He was subsequently promoted to a First Lieutenancy in March, 1832; Captain, July, 1838; Chief Engineer of the army commanded by General Taylor in the Mexican war, 1846-7. He was promoted



NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND—HIGH BATHING TIME—ANIMATED SCENE ON THE BEACH—EXTREMES MEET—YOUTH AND AGE, FEAR AND FUN, BUT THOROUGH ENJOYMENT AND GOOD HUMOR EVERYWHERE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

enterprising soldier, perfectly fitted to the position he occupies, and calculated, from a frank, earnest manner and a warm-hearted impulsiveness, to endear himself to a body of dashing and gallant men, and at the same time to win their perfect obedience and respect. With such a leader and such men, we have perfect faith in the future of the Eleventh Indiana regiment of Zouaves.

EVACUATION AND BURNING OF HAMPTON, VA., ON THE JAMES RIVER.

THE village of Hampton, situated on the left bank of the James River, about two miles from its entrance into Chesapeake Bay, is a very old town of much historic interest, having been settled as early as 1705. It derives its principal importance from its proximity to Fortress Monroe and Old Point Comfort. It contains several churches, a large number of stores and many fine private dwellings.

On the 27th July, it was deemed necessary by Major-General Butler to evacuate the village and destroy some of the most prominent buildings, and retire the forces within the Federal line. It was reported that the rebels were advancing in force, and prudence demanded the concentration of our forces round our entrenched position at Newport News. Odd Fellows' Hall, the Jail, and several other buildings, were unavoidably destroyed, and also a portion of Hampton Bridge, but the latter, in case of immediate necessity, can be replaced by our troops in a very few hours.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.

GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON is the son of Amasa Lyon, of Ashford, Windham county, Connecticut, and is the descendant, paternally and maternally, of families who were distinguished for intellect and integrity of character. His mother was of the Knowlton family, which produced two of the distinguished officers of the Revolution—one, the famous Colonel Thomas Knowlton, who, as major, commanded the Connecticut boys at the old rail fence on the left wing

States and Mexico he was ordered to join General Taylor, and after reaching Monterey accompanied the expedition against Vera Cruz. In the bombardment and capture of Vera Cruz, and the severely contested battles of Contreras, Churubusco and others which occurred between that place and the City of Mexico, his activity and military skill found full play. He took an active part in each and all of them, and while fighting in the streets in the City of Mexico, near the Belen gate, on September 13, 1847, received a wound from a musket ball.

After the conclusion of peace with Mexico, he was ordered to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., for a contemplated march overland to California. By a change of orders from the War Department his regiment was despatched by ship via Cape Horn, and reached California soon after its acquisition by the United States. His stay in California was prolonged beyond that of most of his fellow officers, and his time unceasingly employed in operating among the Indians, subjected to long and tedious marches, constant alarms and frequent skirmishes, living a large portion of the time in tents, and subject to the fatigues and privations incident to a campaign in that new and hitherto unknown country, so far removed from the comforts of civilization.

After being relieved from his long service in California, he was again stationed on our Western frontier, serving most of the time in Kansas and Nebraska. He consequently became familiar with the men and measures which have so agitated the country for the last few years in that section of the country, and imbibed no special love for the spirit of slavery propagandism. Although he had before acted with the Democratic party, the acts of fraud and violence which he witnessed in Kansas so disgusted him with the organization under whose sanction they were perpetrated, that he threw up his commission and retired to private life. General Lyon is the right man in the right place.

May 17th, 1861, for the signal service rendered by the capture of Camp Jackson, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. His energy is unceasing and his determination immovable. With him action follows immediately upon conception, but rapidly is always governed by soldierly caution, and he displays in all his

to the honorary rank of Brevet Major for gallant and distinguished services in defence of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846, and was severely wounded at the battle of Monterey. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. He was appointed Inspector General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 28, 1853, thereupon relinquishing his rank in the Engineer Corps. He held this responsible position until recently, when President Lincoln, appreciating the high scientific and military talent of this distinguished officer, promoted him to a full Brigadier-Generalship, and he was in command of the troops at Washington until the recent appointment of Brigadier-General G. B. McClellan, whose command now embodies those of General Mansfield and General McDowell. He is about fifty-five years of age, tall and graceful in form, with a snowy beard and a handsome head of gray hair.

THE Duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajoz, his grace rode up whilst the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor."

"A very good name, too," remarked Wellington. "Cheer up, my men; our Taylor will soon make a pair of breeches—in the walls!" At this rally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

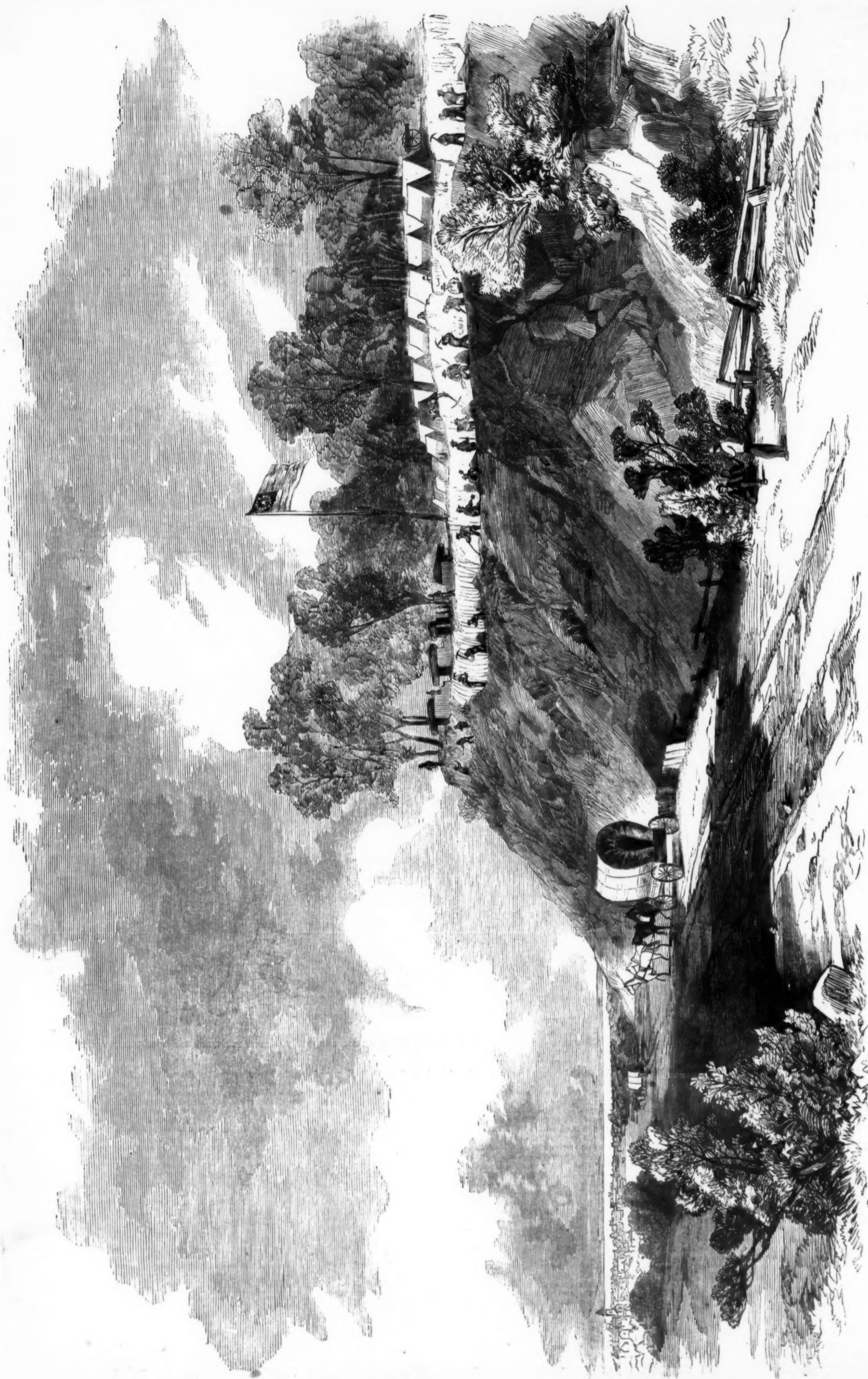
AN ANCESTOR OF GENTLE BLOOD.—At a time when Curran was called before his college board for wearing a dirty shirt, "I pleaded," said Curran, "inability to wear a clean one, and I told them the story of poor Lord Arundel who was at that time the plain, unkempt, struggling Harry Yeverton."

"I wish, mother," said Barry, "I had eleven shirts."

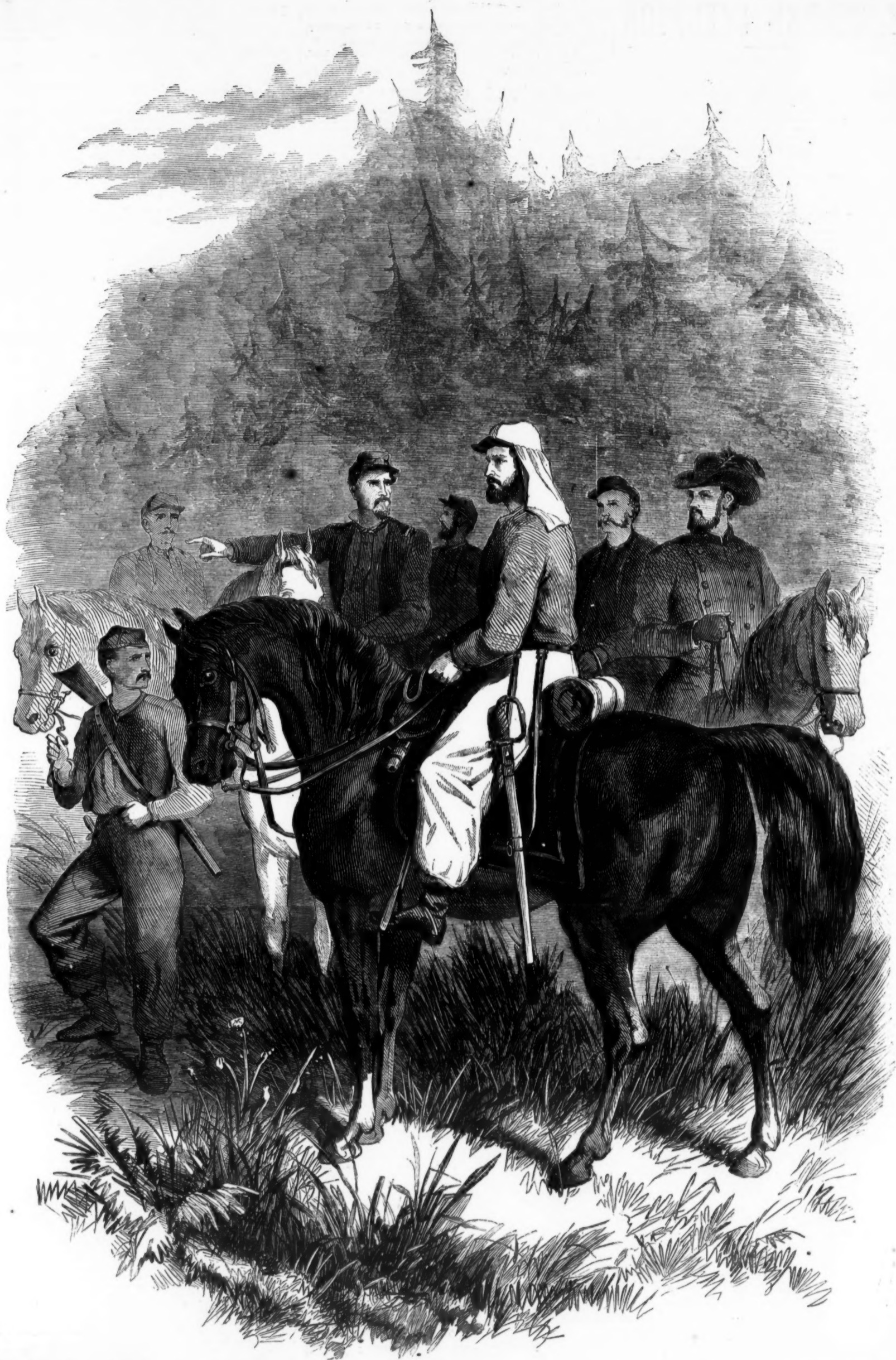
"Eleven, Barry?—why eleven?"

"Because, mother, I am of opinion that a gentleman, to be comfortable ought to have the dozen."

"Four Barry had but one, and I made the precedent my justification."



THE NAVAL BRIGADE CONSTRUCTING THE MARINE BATTERY ON SHUTTER'S HILL, TO GUARD ALEXANDRIA, VA., AND COMMAND THE FAIRFAX ROAD, LIEUTENANT PERKINS COMMANDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 196.



COLONEL LEWIS WALLACE, OF THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, ZOUAVE REGIMENT, AND HIS STAFF—ON SERVICE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 199.

MY GOLDEN SKELETON.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

It was a dull, cloudy morning; the sunshine, which fell occasionally, seemed to me as if it had been soaked through. The street looked dull and dingy; the passers-by looked eccentric and dirty. Their hairy countenances reminded me of the stories I had read; of Louis and Marie Antoinette, and of blood-stained *sans-culottes*. Mr. Timbs took me by the hand and we sallied forth. I was struck by the energy with which the citizens did nothing. The shopman, killing a blue-bottle on his shop window, gesticulated like one about to fight a battle. The very ragged boys seemed always excited and passionate. The pert grisettes showed their ankles in the most energetic and business-like way imaginable.

We passed through many fine streets, through squares where fresh trees were growing, and by fine shops, until we came to a quarter of the town where business, or idleness, or vanity, or whatever you like to call that spurious excitability which distinguishes French people, seemed rather stagnant. And the hairy faces grew dirtier and uglier, as the neighborhood grew dirtier and uglier, and as Mr. Timbs grew duller and more misanthropic.

At last, however, we halted before a low, closed door, in a narrow and quiet street. Mr. Timbs rang the bell, and the door swung open, revealing a bearded man in a box, with a small inscription over his head, "*Mont de Piété*."

"Monsieur Charles?" asked Mr. Timbs, with a smile of recognition.

The porter nodded his head.

We passed up and halted before another door, in which was a little window with iron rails. Mr. Timbs knocked again, and a face appeared at the grating. The door was then opened and we entered a kind of office, divided into desks, with low rails of wood. Two individuals were in this office. One, whose face we had seen, was a middle-aged, mis-shapen, bullet-headed dwarf, with no legs to speak of; his hair was fair, his eyes were blue, his features were far from unhandsome, and his smile was anything but disagreeable. The other was a tall, slightly made man of about seven-and-thirty, with closely compressed lips, flaxen hair and sanguine complexion. I noticed that this last person could never look one in the face, that he blushed inveterately, but that something shy and impudent in his face and eyes always contradicted the blush, which might otherwise have been set down to modesty. This latter, I found, was Monsieur Charles. A conversation in French took place between him and my escort, and he now and then glanced furtively at me. Meanwhile, the dwarf, who had perched himself at a stool, looked at me fixedly, biting the end of a quill pen, and obviously adding me up.

"Speak English," said Monsieur Charles, at last using that tongue, and blushing wickedly. "Broussais here will not understand us; he speaks only French, you know."

He was evidently alluding to the dwarf, who, having added me up, was deep in accounts, and seemed to hear nothing.

"Well, then," said Mr. Timbs, humbly, "this is the young gentleman."

"Good! 'This is the young gentleman.' Proceed."

"From personal observations made on the spot, I'm able to make the following report: He's seven and a half years old; he's as happy as he is rich; he's had schooling of some sort, and he loves his ma like anything. You do, don't you, Master Brown?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" I cried, rather amazed at the turn affairs were taking.

"Very good," said Monsieur Charles, blushing approval. "Very good, indeed! Proceed."

"I visit 'em according to instructions received, Mr. Charles; I find 'em dwelling, out of sight and mind, in a hencoop; happy they are as birds in a nest; rich they think they are, as cattle in clover. I make known my principal's wishes, and here I am."

Monsieur Charles here turned to me, and said that I was a handsome little fellow. I made no answer, but hung down my head. Glancing up a moment afterwards, I saw that the good-looking dwarf, having possibly made an error in his former calculation, was adding me up once more with his quiet blue eyes. Monsieur Charles saw him too; he said something in French, and the dwarf passed into an inner room.

"And your mamma," said M. Charles, "is, I hope, quite well, young gentleman?"

"Quite well, thank you, sir," I answered. But Timbs broke in nervously.

"She might be better, sir, she might be better. Confound it, though! I ought to have told you before. There's danger in the wind, Mr. Charles! He's alive!"

"To whom do you allude, my good friend? Truly, you speak in riddles."

Mr. Timbs fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and producing the paper I had received from the velveteen young man, thrust it into the hand of Monsieur Charles.

"Just glance your eye over that, if you please, and then tell me what can be done."

Mr. Timbs looked pale and frightened. Monsieur Charles seized the paper, glanced over it, bit his lips and blushed. There was malice and fear in his sly eye, I thought. He then tore the paper into shreds, and crushed the fragments under his heel, as one would crush an adder. Mr. Timbs looked on, with open mouth, half fright, half admiration.

"Who gave you this? and how, when and where?" asked Monsieur Charles.

Mr. Timbs walked up to him, and whispered something in his ear. Monsieur Charles smiled.

"That's the who," said Mr. Timbs. "For the how, when and where, question him."

Monsieur then turned to me, and asked me all about the velveteen person. I here take occasion to observe that monsieur had a peculiar way of getting the truth out of one against his will (had I been a forger I should have criss-crossed myself), and that he got the truth out in the most unostentatious way imaginable. So I described the interview, the conversation and the results of that dreadful morning, with the circumstantiality of a counsel at the Old Bailey.

"Well, well!" muttered Monsieur Charles, turning to Timbs. "Have you told her?"

"Meaning his ma?" said the other. "Yes; of course she knows all about it."

"I am alluding to quite another party, my good friend. Have you told her?"

"Oh! her? Why, no, I haven't."

And she still remains in the belief that he sleeps under the ground. In point of fact, I mean, she has seen no reason to hope that he may have escaped from the fate which was supposed to have overwhelmed him."

"No," roared Mr. Timbs, growing redder in the face. "I should like to catch her at it! She, indeed! Excuse me, Mr. Charles; but if she was to bring up the subject before me, I'm jiggered if she and I wouldn't settle accounts before to-morrow morning!"

Mr. Timbs was a brute, and I saw at once that monsieur was aware of the fact.

"Is it not possible, my friend, that they may have met unknown to you?"

Mr. Timbs was taken so aghast by this question that he could only pant, like a locomotive, and shake his white head in savage dissent.

"You think not. So far, so well. Well, a meeting between them might not be productive of pleasant consequences. Confound the knave! I wish he was dead and buried."

Monsieur (whose English, by the way, was remarkably pure) did not blush this time. He turned quite white for a second, and gasped his teeth. Then, as if utterly ashamed of having exhibited feeling, he blushed more outrageously than ever.

"We will talk over this matter again, my good Timbs. Broussais!"

The dwarf came shuffling from the inner room, with his pen behind his ear; and monsieur spoke to him in French. Broussais nodded his head, glanced at me, put on his hat, and left the office. Monsieur pointed after him, and said,

"I could trust that man, Timbs, with untold gold; but I will not trust him with secrets. He is a faithful fellow, that Broussais, but even walls have ears."

"I never liked him, sir," said Mr. Timbs, sententiously. "He's too slow."

Monsieur Charles smiled, and observed that it was all prejudice. He then passed into the inner room; whence he returned with a

suspicious-looking black bottle and a glass. Mr. Timbs's eyes twinkled thrifflily.

"Drink," said monsieur, pouring out a glass of brown brandy.

"You are thirsty."

Mr. Timbs drained his glass, drinking our healths sturdily.

"And now, adieu!" said Monsieur Charles, waving his hand.

"Leave us."

Mr. Timbs nodded his head, put on his hat, and stood waiting for orders.

"Return in two hours. The young gentleman and I will, in the meantime, have some conversation together."

Mr. Timbs walked out quite humbly, and Broussais again walked in. The dwarf bore in his hand a little box of sweetmeats, and an orange; he gave them to monsieur, who led me into the inner room, and closed the door. It was a comfortable little chamber, furnished as a study; there was a table, on which stood a bunch of flowers; there was an escritoire in a corner; and ranged round the walls were shelves, with books, which looked like ledgers, in fine bindings.

"Sit down, young gentleman," said Mr. Charles. I seated myself opposite to him. He opened the little box of sweetmeats, and, placing it on the table between us, told me to help myself. So saying, he abstracted a sugar-plum, and sucked it.

"We will chat, my little friend, and we will eat bon-bons. Come, let us make the best of our time. You are very fond of Mr. Timbs, who has been good enough to bring you here—you are very fond of him, are you not?"

"I hate him!" I said, quietly. "I said he was a bear, and he is a bear. I like Mrs. Martha Timbs though, quite as well as my mamma."

Monsieur Charles rubbed his hands together, and flushed scarlet with enjoyment.

"You hate him, do you, my pretty boy? Take another bon-bon."

"What did he hit her for?" I exclaimed, as a thought struck me.

"I saw him do it. He's a bear?"

Monsieur lifted up his eyebrows, and asked me to what I alluded. I explained the matter by describing the scene I had witnessed in Mr. Timbs's dwelling, when they thought that I slept. His eyes twinkled and burned.

"He struck her," said he, quietly, "because it served her right. She's a bad one."

Being staggered by this solution of the difficulty, I relapsed into silence.

"Yes, she's a bad one. Take my advice and have nothing to do with her. She was bit by a butcher's dog that went mad, and has been a bad one ever since."

I opened my eyes in amazement, doubting, yet inclined to credit the assertion. Monsieur Charles continued to attack the sweetmeats, with an air that was partly thought, partly relish. I became quite confidential.

"If you please, sir," I said, "can you tell me what is an imp?"

"I can't," he replied, immediately. "You're a droll boy. What do you dream of, when asleep?"

"All sorts of things."

"For instance?"

"Ghosts!"

"Dear me!" said monsieur, glancing at me with a sly light on his face.

"Oh, yes, sir; and they never go away—never. I dream of them in the day too, sometimes. I can't get rid of them; they frighten me so."

My new friend seemed more and more puzzled. He took to biting his finger-nails, glancing perplexingly at me every now and then.

"Your mamma is very kind and good to you, I hope," he observed at last.

I had answered this question so often, that it was incumbent on me to nod my head in the affirmative.

"You are happy, are you not? You have nothing to complain of?"

"I don't like being taken away from home, and Mr. Timbs is a bear."

"So you say. Then, if you are happy at home, why do you see ghosts?"

"If you please, I don't mean real live ghosts, like those I have read of in books. I mean things that won't go out of my head—faces I seem to remember."

"Faces?" he asked, looking at my forehead.

"Yes, faces?"

Monsieur Charles seemed more perplexed than ever. He rose up, and walked up and down the room, blushing in his nervousness.

"You are nearly eight years old, my little man. Tell me, have you a long memory?"

"I don't know, sir," was my answer.

"When you were taken to the house where you now live, how old were you?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you remember living in another house, before that time? Do you remember living, before that time, with a lady? and was that lady your dear mamma?"

"I remember faces," I answered, quietly. "I remember a proud lady in fine clothes and jewels, and a nasty man, who was vulgar. I remember a dark room, a sobbing, and some one dying in a white dress, and a black waving thing, and a church. I remember a journey with the proud lady."

"Is that all?" asked monsieur, who seemed breathless with interest.

"That's all," I answered, nodding my little head emphatically.

Monsieur bit his lips, and eyed me keenly. I was eating a sugar-plum, and must have looked guileless. He muttered something to himself; then, walking to the window, he threw up the sash, and gazed out, with his back towards me. By-and-bye he walked over to the escritoire, and took something from a small drawer. He came to the side of my chair, and leant over me, blushing and smiling.

"So you see faces, my little friend?"

"I see faces. These are very nice sugar-plums."

"Say, then, did you ever see my face to-day?"

"Please, sir, no."

"It is well; you speak the truth. Now, little friend, look at this picture, and tell me if you ever saw the face before?"

Monsieur Charles fixed his eyes on my face, as he handed me a little miniature, at which I glanced half carelessly.

Could I mistake those sad, wistful eyes and that piteous child-face? It was the portrait of the little girl's ghost?

CHAPTER V.—MONSIEUR CHARLES PUZZLES ME.

YES; there was no mistaking the sad, wistful eyes, the light ringlets, and the doll-like face of the little girl who was growing up for me in dreamland. But I did not turn pale, nor blush nor feel awed. At seven years old, one finds that the boundary between the real and the purely imaginary is very indistinctly defined, and that dreams bear that relation to childish existence which shadows on running brooks do to the clouds which cast them. Had I been a philosopher, I might have detected an anomaly in the idea of a ghost having set for a portrait. Had I been a boy of the world, I might have thought that monsieur was practically humbugging me. Being, however, what I was—a rich little boy, who had been much left to myself and solitary speculation—I simply noticed the fact that the little girl's face was scarcely so pretty in point of fact as it had been, when simply as a creature of imagination. Surely, it was a weak face, the face of a Dutch doll, or a clock, or a picture of the sun in a book of Hidoos mythology. There was no pride, none of the fire which is born of pride about it. It was the face of a Rachel in swaddling clothes, a Rachel who would not be comforted. When I saw swaddling clothes, I speak figuratively. For the ghost in the picture was attired in a pretty blue muslin dress and a laced pin-fare.

After all, the weak, pensive little image pleased me more than a bolder and prouder one might have done; and I thought to myself (forgetting for the moment that she had been growing up to marry me) that the little girl's ghost would make a very nice sister. I concluded, too, that the name of a nice sister, with that expression of countenance, would, of necessity, have been Mary Ann.

"You recognise the face, I see," observed Monsieur Charles.

"You have seen it before?"

"I have seen it before. She is a very pretty little lady, and, if she were here, sir, I would give her a sugar-plum."

Monsieur took the miniature from me, and continued, blushing.

"You have seen it, young gentleman, before. Come, then. Where?"

"I have seen it," I said, "in dreams."

"Often?" he asked, looking at me sidelong, and with firmly compressed lips.

"Always."

"In dreams; always? Have you never seen it, my little friend, as you see me—real, alive, out of dreams? Have you never kissed the little girl, or played with her, or taken her by the hand, or called her by her name?"

"I don't remember. Is her name Mary Ann?"

Monsieur crunched a sugar-plum between his teeth, and shook his head with a smile.

"I thought it was. She looks as if her name was Mary Ann. Please, sir, what is it?"

"Her name," said monsieur, quietly, "is Sister Elizabeth."

Where had I heard that name before? What possible connection could it have with my childish dreams. Sister Elizabeth! The name thrilled through my veins, and I was absorbed, as it were, out of myself. I was carried back into a past life, with Sister Elizabeth ringing in my ears—a life full of strange, familiar faces, and of calm. Then I seemed to pass out of a great mist, whence a light surged in upon me.

"Her name is Sister Elizabeth. Little friend, you seem puzzled."

"It is a very pretty name," I observed, "and I remember it."

"You remember it? Good! Where have you heard it before to-day? Speak, little boy."

"I heard it long ago. Yes; now I remember. I heard it in a dark room, long ago. My mamma was there, and I sat in an arm-chair, crying; and the nasty man, who was vulgar, patted me on the head, and said that Sister Elizabeth was growing up to marry me. I was dressed in black, and felt cold, and mamma gave me an orange. I wonder where oranges grow! I don't like them when they are sour."

Elizabeth was a very little girl," said monsieur, "when this picture was painted. She was just as old as you are now. If she were alive now she would be a young woman, tall and old. But she is dead. You hear me, little friend, she is dead."

"I am sorry she is dead."

"Why, little boy?"

In point of fact I hardly knew why, and, consequently, found the question a difficult one to answer. Seeing that he expected my reply, I worded the thought that first came uppermost, and said,

"Because she had hair like mine, and because her name was Sister Elizabeth."

"Those are droll reasons," observed monsieur. "Have you no other one?"

"I am sorry that she is dead," I replied, "because she was growing up to marry me. We would have lived together in a wood, on bread and butter and oranges, and I would have showed her birds'-nests. I am rich, and I would have bought her sparrows from boys."

"Well, little man, she is dead, and you must forget her. Besides she was a bad little girl, and not fit company for a rich young gentleman. She died because she was bad."

I regretted to hear this account of Sister Elizabeth, for whom I had conceived a great esteem and admiration; but I did not for one moment doubt the truth of monsieur's statement. His blushes were decisive and final, and carried conviction with them.

"Listen!" he said. "Sister Elizabeth is dead, and buried in the ground. You will never see her again, and must forget her."

"I can never forget her."

"Nonsense, boy! You will have forgotten her wholly three years hence."

"She has said, in dreams, that she will never leave me, and that she is growing up to marry me. She is always at my side. Please, sir, was she so very wicked?"

He paid no attention to my last question, but walked to the window and looked out, biting his lips. Then he went to the room door and beckoned somebody. Immediately afterwards Mr. Timbs entered.

"Timbs," said Monsieur Charles, smiling, "our little friend is far too wise and clever."

Mr. Timbs cocked his eye at me, observing that he thought so from the beginning, and that boys, as a body, had been gradually degenerating since he was one of them himself. These being propositions which were practically incontrovertible, Mr. Timbs was suffered to remain uncontradicted, and to assume the air of one who had said a good thing, and thereby settled an important argument point-blank.

"It is necessary, therefore," said monsieur, "that he should be sent to school."

Mr. Timbs opened his eyes, being evidently of opinion that one too wise and clever naturally would only add to his cleverness and wisdom if thus dealt with. But Monsieur Charles interpreted his surprise, and, with a blush, patted Mr. Timbs soothingly on the shoulder.

"It appears, my good Timbs, that you cannot see further through a deal door than your neighbors. He must be sent to school, to forget, to unlearn what he has already learned. He knows too much; he requires discipline. It follows, that he shall go to school."

"Here?" inquired Mr. Timbs, deprecating the conclusion with a humble shake of the head.

"No. There! It seems to me, Timbs, that you are more than usually stupid this morning. Is it not so? Or have I to compliment you on your penetration?"

Certainly Mr. Timbs was not in a position to merit compliment, so far as his penetration went. To be plain, he appeared hopelessly perplexed and muddled.

"Little boy, go into the office and make friends with Broussais," said Monsieur Charles, waving me out. "He is a brave child, Broussais, and will amuse you vastly."

I walked out, and the door was closed after me. The dwarf was not too deeply engaged to notice my approach. He held out his hand, with a smile, saying something in French. I gave him my hand candidly, for, though I could make nothing of the French, the smile was sufficiently intelligible. Then he held me at arm's length, adding me up, with tears in his eyes; and, after patting me on the head, plunged again into his calculations. Little business seemed doing in the office that day. Once or twice, persons, shabby or richly clothed, as the case might be, dropped in, in a hang-dog manner, and did some business with the dwarf, in a hang-dog manner, but there was no bustle no activity in the place. It seemed gaping only for victims of some sort, and put me in mind of a mousetrap.

I was rather puzzled at the conduct of Broussais, the dwarf. Not content with taking my measure a dozen times over, he positively winked at me and poked me in the ribs; the wonder being that these actions were done, as it were, out of pure sympathy, and not accompanied with any marked demonstrations of good humor or delight. Now, I did not at all dislike Broussais; his figure was certainly not aristocratic, but his face was handsome, and his manner seemed kind. However, I could not make him out. Was he slightly touched in the head? Why did he exhibit feeling? His submission to monsieur was of the most businesslike kind. He felt nothing, said nothing, heard nothing. But now, his whole disposition seemed to change, and to melt away, as Shakespeare says, "like a pat of butter that melts at the sweet tale of the sun." I got up on a high stool, and took a survey of the room, trying to seem unconscious that his eyes were once more fixed upon me. What was my astonishment, to hear the dwarf, after having added me up for two minutes, and multiplied, subtracted and divided me for two minutes more, murmur audibly the remarkable words:

"That for 'em! Scamps!"

He saw by my face that he had forgotten himself, and he looked perplexed accordingly; becoming reassured, however, by my innocent face, that I was rather perplexed than suspicious about the matter, he again smiled his little smile, and became quite confidential. It is not impossible that he may thereupon have told me his whole private history; but, unfortunately, the language he used was French, and I was consequently unable to make out his meaning. I was quite convinced, however, that he regarded me as a fit object for pity. This conviction touched my pride home, and I felt rather inclined to resent his view of me. He seemed so tender and good-natured, that my feelings shortly took a different shape, and I excused him on the sophism that he was vulgar, and did not know any better.

Ten minutes elapsed ere the conference in the other room ceased; ere, blushing and beaming quite angelically, Monsieur Charles came forward with Mr. Timbs. Then monsieur patted me on the head, told me to be a very good boy, and shook hands with me, leaving in my little hand a piece of French money.

"Good-bye, young gentleman," said monsieur. "We shall meet again, very probably. You are now going back to mamma, whom you love so. Timbs, shake hands."

Mr. Timbs put out his huge red hand, and grasped the slender white one of monsieur.

"Wish Broussais good day, little friend. He is a good child, Broussais, and likes to be noticed."

Monsieur appeared to regard the dwarf as a rather harmless,

weak-minded person, who ought to be petted and made much of, for business purposes.

"Good-bye, Broussais," I said, quite familiarly. Monsieur laughed. The dwarf looked up from his accounts, and nodded.

So I followed Mr. Timbs out of the office, which had seemed like a mousetrap, feeling glad to reach the fresh air of the street once more.

CHAPTER VI.—MORE OF THE VELVETEEN PERSON.

WE returned to London, Mr. Timbs and I, and one of us at least felt a little worn out by his journey. Tedious had been that journey; tedious had been Paris the Magnificent; tedious, exceedingly, had been those long cross-questionings on the part of Monsieur Charles. I observed, with little or no surprise, that Mr. Timbs's manner subsided into its old familiarity as we reached the English metropolis. That blue eye—which he was for ever cocking at me—said plainly enough: "Oh, yes, my young friend, don't labor under a mistake; I'm not to be humbugged by the Bank of England. You're a very little one; and if I ever pay you more respect than is due, it's on account of a promissory note, which I don't want you to dishonor." It was provoking, to say the least of it, of the jolly man: it was inconsiderate; I was a rich little boy, and my riches certainly demanded more consideration.

I could not, for the life of me, get Sister Elizabeth out of my head. "Rich little boy, I am growing up to marry you; proud little boy, I'll cling to you for ever and ever." The burthen of those strange dream-words never left me. I heard it in the jolting of the railway carriage; in the "Home, Sweet Home" of Italian organ-grinders; in the rush and roar of street-life; in the silence of my own heart. There was no delusion, then? Sister Elizabeth (what strange recollections the name conjured up!) had really lived and breathed, and had died because she was bad. Now, I questioned the truth of that last statement, and thought to myself that Monsieur Charles—who had abused Martha Timbs on the same grounds—was indisposed to do justice to unrecognized merit. Surely that pensive and pathetic little face could harbor no thought of evil?

There was the dwarf, too—Broussais. A queer fellow, that Broussais, I thought. What a pity it was, considering his face was so handsome, that his lower limbs were so disreputably short. He had a pleasant smile, and Broussais, and a kindly heart. But why should he commit the absurdity of pitying a rich boy, who, if money can purchase happiness, ought to have been the most enviable of little boys? Broussais was right, though, I concluded, after a long argument with myself on the subject. I was to be more pitied than envied, in spite of the intimation that I was growing up to be a director of the Bank of England.

It was in the evening when Mr. Timbs and I reached London, and it was deemed expedient that I should again pass a night with my guide. This arrangement was not at all to my taste—for I dreaded lest the occurrences of that other night might be repeated. Moreover, I was now really anxious to get back home, and to seek consolation in the warm heart of Susan the maid. I longed, too, to feel the old associations again around me. I was a speculative idealist, you see, and did not at all relish the disenchantments of gentlemen like Monsieur Charles.

Mrs. Martha received me very kindly, in the chamber which I have already described as a pattern of neatness. M. Loret was there too when we arrived—there, with his fiddle. Mrs. Martha was dull again, she said; and the dancing-master added that he had consequently stepped up with his instrument, music being the food for love, and capable of soothing the savage breast.

"She's always dull," said Mr. Timbs, chuckling—for he was himself again. "There's no more life in her than there is in a bridge, or a bucket, or the Houses of Parliament. Why doesn't she pluck up a bit, and comfort a fellow, instead of making him miserable?"

There was such utter scorn and loathing in the eyes that glanced at the jolly man—there was such silent contempt in the lips that curled, but formed no answer, that I almost shuddered. Plainly, there was no love lost here.

"Come, come, neighbors," quoth Loret, in a soothing tone of voice, "don't quarrel."

"Quarrel!" roared Mr. Timbs; "bless you, we dote on one another, me and Martha; we're as fond of each other as can be, Martha and me. Ain't we, old woman?"

The old woman, as he affectionately called her, conjured up her sickly smile, and nodded her head in a mocking kind of way. So we all had tea together, and became quite cozy and comfortable. After tea, Loret took his fiddle, and said that he must really take his departure for the lower regions.

"Stop, though!" he cried, turning back; "I have a question to ask."

Mr. Timbs looked at the dancing-master; Mrs. Timbs looked at me.

"Has any one here ever been to Botany Bay?"

The jolly man shook his head decisively, and waved off the question.

"Is there a returned convict, or a thief, or a coiner, in this company? No! That's plain and point blank."

Mr. Timbs asked M. Loret, rather impatiently, what he was driving at.

"At a balliff in disguise, or a p'liceman in plain clothes, I don't know which. He's been hanging about the street this two days, chewing straws and injuring the property, by bringing it into discredit. That's who I'm driving at. Ugh! I should like to drive over him."

None of us seemed to understand the drift of Loret, but he continued:

"I come in and I go out, and I see him standing at the corner, two days continuous, with his eye on this house. Not content with that, he stares me out of countenance, as if I was a suspicious character. Not content with that, he begins asking me questions about you and Mrs. Martha here. Of course I tell him you're respectable, and pass on."

"Asks questions about us, does he, Loret?" said Mr. Timbs.

"Seedy," said Loret, with disgust. "Scar under the right eye; moustache; short and stout; seedy."

Consternation!

"Why, it's the man that—" I was beginning, in surprise.

"Never you mind what it is," cried Mr. Timbs, agast.

"It's enough to drive a fellow wild," said M. Loret, going downstairs. "We've got characters to lose, and so this sort of thing don't pay."

Mr. Timbs said nothing, but fell into a brown study; while Mrs. Martha Timbs appeared utterly careless and unconscious that her husband's emotions were unpleasant ones.

The night passed—I sleeping on the sofa as before—without anything unusual taking place in the Timbs household. I awoke early, and saw Mrs. Martha, as before, busy about the chamber. Then Mr. Timbs and I started off for the railway station. There was a train at eight, which he wished to catch, and it so happened that we had to start without breakfast. This was not agreeable.

When we reached the station, however, we were just too late for the train, and there would not be another until nine o'clock. So Mr. Timbs proposed that we should have some breakfast, and I assented with all the energy of which an empty stomach is capable. We dropped into a coffee-house close to the station, and were soon regaling ourselves on tea and toast.

I saw suspicion in Mr. Timbs's eye whenever I dared to meet it. He evidently doubted me, and thought I knew rather too much.

"Don't you think, Master Brown," he said, half savagely, half jocosely, "don't you think I'd better step round to the undertaker's at once, and order you a coffin that'll fit? You're far too clever to live long, you are."

"I wish I was dead!" I said, while the accumulated mysteries of my late adventures weighed heavily on my heart. "I am very unhappy."

"And he calls that gratitude!" cried Timbs.

I had never done anything of the kind.

"Little boys have ears," he continued, "and they have tongues; but woe to little boys if they talk of things that don't concern them. Remember, Master Brown, you've seen nothing, heard nothing, and that you don't know nothing. Good—good—gracious!"

And Mr. Timbs's eyes started out of his head; it might have been through fear, it might have been through amazement. For a young man had lounged into our box, taken a seat opposite to Mr. Timbs, and leaning his chin on both hands, was regarding that worthy with a complacent sneer.

It was the velveteen young man, of course. That young man appeared to have no other business on his hands save that of frightening my acquaintances out of their wits. That young man

was not only a mystery to me, but also something more than a mystery to dear Mr. Timbs.

"Now then," said the velveteen young man.

"Now then," gasped Timbs, trying in vain to appear composed.

"Why don't you ask me how I am? Old pals shouldn't meet in this way, you know. How are you?"

Mr. Timbs made no answer, but subsided into one long-continued stare.

"Things seem thriving with you," continued the velveteen young man. "You're as round, and red, and jolly as ever. But look at me! Bones, every bit of me; no flesh to speak of. You're in luck; I ain't. So here I am, on business."

"Call again," murmured the last button on Mr. Timbs's waistcoat. The other winked derisively, and then nodded to me.

"Dear me!" he said, with an assumption of innocent admiration. "What a nice little boy! Yours?"

Timbs only closed his eyes, with a protesting gesture.

"To look at that boy, now, one would fancy he'd been reared in a nobleman's hot-house. He's a credit to you, Timbs. That reminds me: how's the missus?"

"Which one?" asked Mr. Timbs, looking very dolorous.

"Yours."

The eyes of the velveteen young man burned—absolutely burned—with passion as he asked this question. The poor jolly man put up his hand, as if to ward off a blow.

"She looks tidy," quoth the persecutor, "tidy and happy. I've seen her."

This was evidently too much for the jolly man. He started up with an oath.

"Why ain't you dead and buried!" he cried.

"Because it didn't suit my purpose, old fellow, to give up all the good things of this life. Because I wanted to shake hands again with old friends. Because my grave wasn't deep enough to keep me out of the money market."

He paused, sneering, waiting for an answer, but no answer was given. He went on—

"There, don't get alarmed. I've seen her, but she hasn't seen me. I hope a meeting won't be necessary. It won't, if you're the friend I take you for."

Mr. Timbs seemed a little relieved by these last words.

"What do you want?" he cried, with a gesture of impatience.

"What do I want?" repeated the velveteen person, with a grin. "Money."

"Haven't got any," exclaimed Timbs, nodding decisively.

"Nonsense."

"Fact, I tell you. Not a blessed farthing."

"Don't deceive an old friend who is starving. Bless your kind heart, I know you won't refuse me. Money I want, and money I'll have, or—"

Mr. Timbs looked helplessly at me, the other followed the glance and winked.

"Yes, he's a nice young gentleman, and his eyes are very like his mamma's. Come now, out with an instalment, Timbs, on my life annuity."

"What can a fellow do? Tell you flat, I haven't a halfpenny."

"Bless the little gentleman's heart," sneered the persecutor, pointing to me, "he wouldn't refuse a man and a brother. Never mind him. He's much too wise and clever, and must go to school."

The words of Monsieur Charles. No wonder that Timbs opened his eyes in horror, and sank down on his seat, perfectly exhausted.

"Come, now," said the other, coaxingly, "how about the golden pump in Paris?"

"Dry long ago," was the deprecatory answer.

"You don't say so. Come, I say, be a Good Samaritan. Just hand over three ten, and I'll go. Why, you don't call that exorbitant. The young gentleman knows that three ten is just half of seven pounds, and that seven pounds wouldn't quite pay his schooling for a quarter."

Mr. Timbs seemed more and more confounded and amazed.

"You won't, then?" said the friend of other days. "How's Sister Elizabeth?"

That name again. It went through my blood like fire, and I stared at the velveteen person with more surprise than ever. Timbs was quite conquered. He drew out a long cotton purse, and took thence two pounds in gold and ten shillings in silver.

"Take 'em," he growled, hoarsely. "Vampire!"

His companion only laughed, pocketing the money with a complacent air. Then his whole manner changed in an instant. His face turned pale with suppressed passion; his lip quivered, and his brow darkened.

"Tell him, when you see him," he whispered hotly, "that I haven't forgot him; that I shall never forget him; and that the day is coming when he and I shall settle accounts. Tell him that I have sworn it a hundred times—sworn it by this!"

He placed his grimy finger on the scar, which had become quite livid.

"What more do you want?" grumbled Timbs, like one grievously ill-used.

"What more do I want? Hear him! I want what you can't give me; what you couldn't give me if you were as rich as the Queen of England. You've bled gold and silver, and shall bleed 'em again. He shall bleed—"

"Well," said Timbs, seeing that the velveteen person paused.

"Blood!"

Timbs could not repress a shudder at the light in those fierce eyes.

"Yea, blood! Tell him so. The time hasn't yet come; but it's coming fast. Oh, there's a long bill to settle. The time is coming—by this!"

He again placed his finger on the scar, looking hideous with hate.

"Tell her, when you see her," he continued, "that I haven't forgot her; that I shall never forget her; that her account is my account, and that I'll clear off both with blood. You hear me?"

"Do be reasonable," murmured the jolly man. "Where's the use of talking about blood and gore, and tim and her, and all that sort of thing; turning a fellow's blood cold for nothing. It doesn't look like business."

The velveteen young man struck the table, and laughed mockingly.

"As for you," he said, "look out! Money I'll have out of you; I can't starve. Half the money you spend on this young gentleman would set me up in a respectable business."

"Then why don't you be reasonable? Take the cash, go into the public line, or the poultry, or something of that sort, and let us alone."

The velveteen young man rose up, put his hands in his pockets, and deliberately stared Mr. Timbs out of countenance. He stood staring thus for some minutes, to the other's obvious embarrassment. Then he cocked his rough-looking hat on one side, slipped the crown, and winked at me.

"Take care of the young gentleman's health," he said, tauntingly.

"He's a handsome boy, and worth millions. Coddle him; but remember that my time's coming. And take care that I haven't an account to settle with you, about her."

So the velveteen person lounged away, leaving Mr. Timbs petrified.

(To be continued.)

ERLE GOWER, OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

CHAPTER LVIII.

LORD KINGWOOD was greatly excited by the communication which Pharisae had made to him. It may easily be imagined that he was keenly alive to the necessity of securing the documents of which he had spoken, and he resolved, after some anxious consideration, to seek old Penreep in person, without any delay, and bribe him not only to transfer those important papers to him, but to disclose to him the whole of the details connected with the part he had played in the long drama which had yet its denouement to come.

Lord Kingswood had not a doubt respecting old Penreep having been Pharisae's agent, and from what Pharisae had let fall he had more than a suspicion that the old scoundrel had a disposition to act treacherously, that is to say, to make the best market he could of the secrets he possessed.

On the following morning he was astray soon after dawn, and, after he had devoted some time to his political labors, he proceeded to pay a visit to Sir Harris Stanhope.

It was necessary to secure him at once.

Sir Harris was at breakfast with Beatrice and Carlton when Lord Kingswood arrived. In order to avoid excuses or evasions, Lord Kingswood would not

suffer himself to be announced, and as the servant knew his lordship, he complied with his request, and ushered him into the breakfast-room without a word.

The abruptness of his entry occasioned at first some little confusion. Sir Harris was a little embarrassed, and was profuse in apologies and excuses, but Lord Kingswood checked him, saying, with a smile:

"Say no more, Stanhope; if the water will not come to the horse, the horse must go to the water, eh?"

Lord Kingswood and Sir Harris Stanhope were soon left alone.

Lord Kingswood laughed.

"The old, old story, Stanhope," he exclaimed.

"Yes, my lord," returned Sir Harris Stanhope, gravely; "but not the subject for hilarity, especially if your lordship knew all the facts."

"Tut—tut," rejoined his lordship, quickly. "I have no desire to pry into your domestic affairs; my own require too much of my attention. Are we quite alone here, Stanhope?"

"I believe so," he responded; "but if your lordship will accompany me to my study, I can be sure there of no eavesdroppers catching our words."

"Conduct me thither," said his lordship, laconically.

As soon as they were in Sir Harris Stanhope's room, which was armed with double doors and double casements, Sir Harris said:

"Your lordship may speak freely here; no sound can penetrate either from within or without."

Lord Kingswood threw himself into a chair.

"You guess the object of my visit, Stanhope?" he said.

"I believe what I do, my lord," returned Sir Harris.

"May I inquire then, is it that your promise made to me at Chillingham's evening party has not been fulfilled?"

Sir Harris Stanhope cleared his throat.

"The truth is, my lord, that I have been unable to gather together those proofs I was desirous of placing in your hands, which would relieve your lordship's mind of much of its natural anxiety," he observed, with some slight embarrassment.

Lord Kingswood gazed at him with a fixed, steadfast look.

"Proofs that the ceremony of marriage left to your arrangement was a mere mockery, performed by a hired layman dressed in canonicals," said Lord Kingswood, "is a more cheat, although the scene, where it was enacted, was the chance of a village church."

"Exactly so, my lord," replied Sir Harris, with a restless movement of his eyes.

"Will you swear that?" demanded Lord Kingswood, emphatically.

"A—yes. Oh, of course, yes, my lord," answered Sir Harris, with a very perceptible wince.

"Pray, Harris Stanhope, repeat that to me, but do not do so without seriously reflecting upon the enormity of a false oath," said Lord Kingswood, with a startling steadiness of tone.

"My lord!" ejaculated Sir Harris, with a perturbed air.

Lord Kingswood slowly and emphatically repeated his words.

Sir Harris, disconcerted as he was, was yet too much of a diplomatist to confess to the imputation so directly conveyed to him.

"Will your lordship do me the honor to be explicit?" he rejoined. "I understand rarely facilitate business, you know, my lord."

"Very true," returned Lord Kingswood. "Then, to come to the point, I will at once inform you that the ceremony was a real marriage, performed by an ordained clergyman in a consecrated place of worship, and properly witnessed by yourself. Now, Stanhope, further disguise or attempt to deceive me are useless, as I know all."

"All?" iterated Sir Harris, with an unpleasant expression of surprise upon his features.

"All," returned Lord Kingswood, with a stern tone and frowning brow. "You have plunged me into a desperate dilemma, Stanhope, and you must help to extricate me from it."

Sir Harris Stanhope's face had become as white as his moustaches and whiskers.

"Your lordship knows that I would do my utmost in your lordship's service," he said eagerly.

"I have just given you an illustration of it," rejoined Lord Kingswood drily.

"But, my lord," exclaimed Sir Harris.

Lord Kingswood stopped him.

"What was the name of the clergyman who performed that terrible ceremony of marriage? He was a friend of yours, Stanhope. Do not hesitate, or—"

"I—ah—he—was the Rev. Charles Weatherley, my lord," stammered Sir Harris. "a—the—a fact was that time pressed—a—I could not get—a—the church—a—I got the clerk out of the—way, but the—the—the man I engaged disappointed me—and—I, my friend—Weatherley—a college chum—a, my lord—he consented to keep the matter quite a secret, my lord, and I believe he did, but—"

"Where did he reside?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"At the vicarage, near to Avening, my lord," replied Sir Harris, quickly.

"And he has quitted there," said Lord Kingswood, sternly.

"Oh, yes—a many years ago," returned Sir Harris, with some confusion.

"Whether did he remove?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"I—I—think to Kendal, in Westmorland," answered Sir Harris. "He married and changed his name to Brand, on account of a fortune he obtained with a wife, but I have neither seen nor heard of him for many years. A difference sprang up between us, and we were never afterwards reconciled."

"May I ask you the grounds of your quarrel?" interrogated Lord Kingswood.

Sir Harris Stanhope consumed a large pinch of snuff.

"A trifling question of money matters," he answered. "I paid him a sum which I was indebted to him, and a year or so afterwards, growing avaricious with his increase of fortune, he renewed his application to me for the sum I have alluded to. As I had paid it once, I refused to pay it a second time, and so our old friendship is broken up and for ever."

"For ever, indeed," responded Lord Kingswood. "He is dead."

"Ah, is it so?" exclaimed Sir Harris. "I am neither surprised nor grieved to hear it. He was neither strong enough nor sufficiently worthy to live long."

"Aye, but do you not see the importance of that fact to me?" observed Lord Kingswood, in an energetic tone.

"To you, my lord?" repeated Sir Harris Stanhope, with a dubious air. "A—oh—yes—it is of some importance to you certainly."

"Some importance, Stanhope!" cried Lord Kingswood, indignantly. "It is of the last importance to me in my present position. Mark me, you, Stanhope, procure this clergyman—you alone! You confided to no person breathing but himself that it was your intention to engage him in the affair of which we are now speaking."

"Most assuredly, Lord Kingswood, to no person breathing did I mention that I intended to secure, or that I did secure, the services of Brand," hastily replied Sir Harris.

"You were present at the marriage, Stanhope. The only witness," continued Lord Kingswood, in the same marked tone.

"The only witness, undoubtedly," rejoined Sir Harris Stanhope.

"Now, observe," continued Lord Kingswood, fixing his eye with a penetrating steadfastness upon Sir Harris Stanhope, and speaking with slow and deliberate emphasis. "What if I have in my possession the only copy of the certificate of that marriage ever given? What if I possess also the leaf of the parochial register-book in which the original entry was made? The clergyman himself being dead, and the mouth of the only witness hermetically sealed, where are the proofs that a marriage ever took place? Should Vernon dare to bring forward the boy he set down beneath my roof as my son and heir, can I not give to the accusation an unqualified denial, and triumphantly dare him to produce any proofs to sustain his assertion?"

Sir Harris Stanhope felt a strange thrill run over his frame as he heard this proposition put by Lord Kingswood.

So, then, he was the only living witness of this clandestine marriage, and he had Lord Kingswood completely in his power.

A throng of ideas rushed through his brain, all addressing themselves to the subject of his own aggrandizement, but he was too astute a diplomatist to permit his thoughts to register themselves in his face, especially as he perceived the eager eyes of Lord Kingswood perusing his features with a view of ascertaining them.

He took a pinch of snuff, and then said, after a slight pause.

"I admit the importance—the very great importance of the situation you suggest, my lord; but are those valuable documents of which you speak in your possession?"

"Tantamount to that, Stanhope," returned his lordship; "I know where to place my hand upon them."

"Has Horace Vernon, my lord, made any further movement towards establishing the legitimacy of the boy he has taken under his protection?" inquired Sir Harris.

"His third step?" echoed Sir Harris. "Pray explain your meaning, my lord."

"Well," rejoined Lord Kingswood, "his first step was to, suddenly and without warning, set down the boy in the midst of my family at Kingswood Hall. There my hands were tied, and I was compelled to let matters take their course. His second step was to appear with him in the circles in which we move, and again I am compelled to act passively, for he afforded me no grounds for interference. His third step has taken this shape."

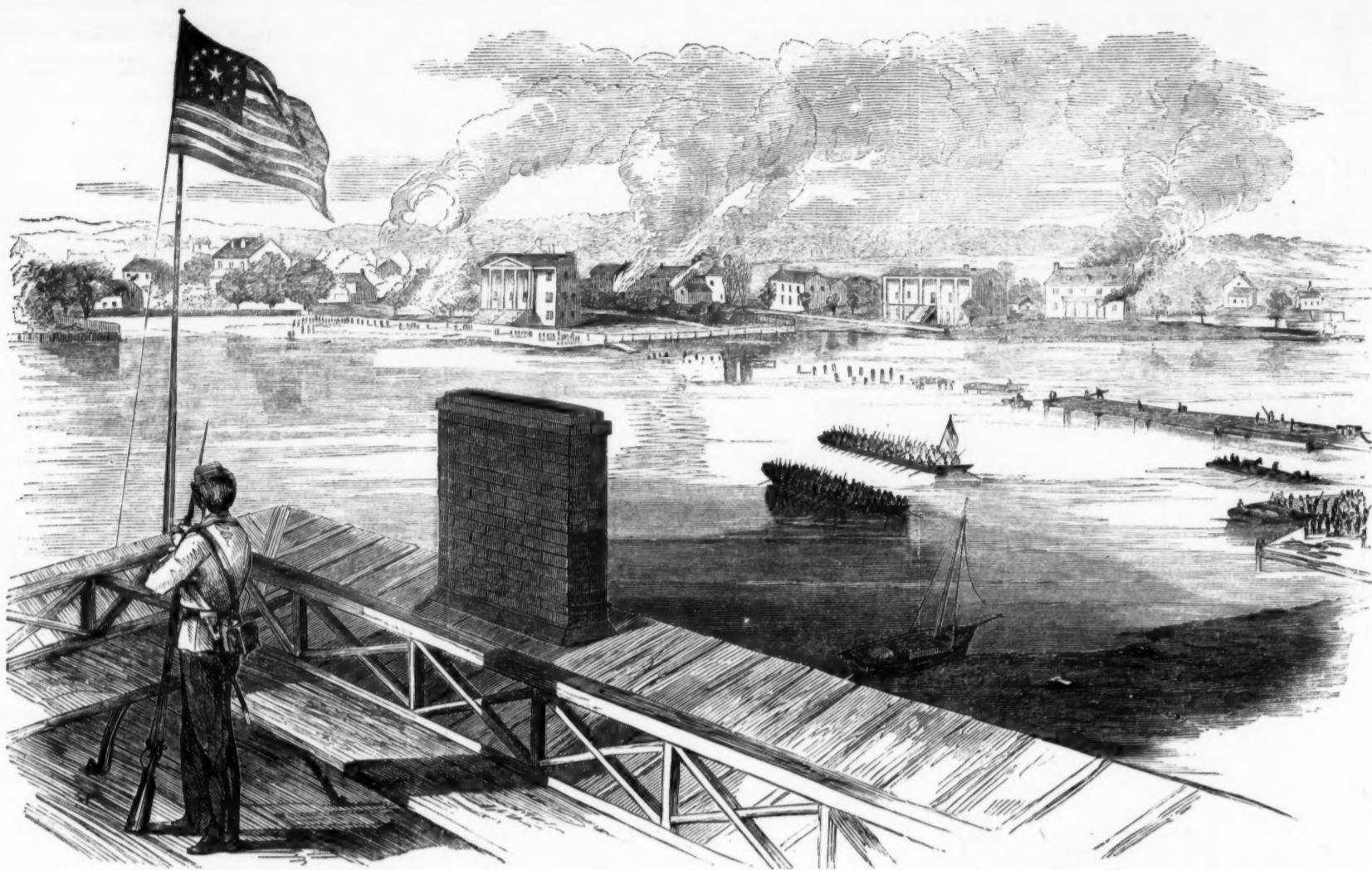
Lord Kingswood, as he concluded, produced the letter he had received from Vernon's solicitors, and flung it over to Sir Harris Stanhope.

The latter perused it with attention, and returning it to Lord Kingswood, said:

"The object of that letter is very clear."

"Possibly," said Lord Kingswood, in reply; "but oblige me, nevertheless, with your interpretation of it."

"It is Vernon's intention to avail



EVACUATION AND BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF HAMPTON, VA. BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS, IN ANTICIPATION OF THE ADVANCE OF THE REBELS IN FORCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 199.

"I shall positively, and without qualification, deny the charge brought against me, and defy it to be substantiated by proof, and will in turn commence an action against Verne for conspiracy and fraud," returned Lord Kingswood, excitedly.

"But the likeness?" persisted Sir Harris.

"Bah!" cried Lord Kingswood, angrily: "how you harp on that."

"It is so remarkably striking," replied Sir Harris.

"What of that?" cried Lord Kingswood. "It must be taken for just as much as it is worth."

"Hem!" coughed Sir Harris.

A plan had occurred to him, calculated to be of great advantage to his interest's pecuniary and political, and he decided upon carrying it out if possible.

"You will not, I presume," he said, "wholly ignore the existence of the boy in reference to any connection with yourself?"

"Why not?" asked Lord Kingswood. "Indeed, it is the only plan I can pursue with a safety."

"But, Kingswood," urged Sir Harris, with a pretended show of liberal feeling, "the boy is your son, he is the son of your lawfully wedded wife, my lord, and he is your heir!"

A pallid hue overspread Lord Kingswood's features.

"I cannot, dare not acknowledge him!" he exclaimed, with a shudder.

"Not to the world, assuredly," replied Sir Harris; "but you will not abandon, discard, repudiate him altogether?"

"What can I do, what dare I do, without damifying my own position—my own asseverations?" cried Lord Kingswood, with a perplexed air.

"Do not be too hasty, my lord, in reaching this conclusion," observed Sir Harris Stanhope, thoughtfully. "Much may be done for him without your appearing personally in the matter. Where is Mr. Gower? I presume still with Horace Vernon?"

"I do not know," returned Lord Kingswood.

He, of course, is a party to the suit about to be prosecuted against you," continued Sir Harris. "Now it appears to me that it would be very desirable to get hold of him before that suit comes on, to appeal to his youthful and generous feelings, promise to him a high and secured position in the Government of India, say, and having obtained his consent, which, with such bright prospects before him, he will hardly withhold, you can ship him off; let him work his way up, as Mr. Gower, to any height he can; the higher the better; backed by your lordship's secret influence, almost any post is open to him. Believing himself to be illegitimate, he will keep his own secret, and you will thus succeed in cutting the ground completely from under the feet of Vernon's

revenge, and of gratifying your own generous nature in amply providing for your offspring, brought into this world of trials under such unhappy circumstances."

"Your suggestion is not without its merits, I admit," returned Lord Kingswood, musing. "Indeed, I should be very glad if it could be realized. Yet I do not see, if I am not to appear in any arrangements to be made with him, how I can employ an agent without compromising myself."

"Leave the management of the affair in my hands," rejoined Sir Harris, a little eagerly. "Beatrice has seen Mr. Gower—they have met, and he has undoubtedly fascinated her," continued Sir Harris, absorbing with his nostrils a large quantity of snuff. "I am given to understand that Gower is himself

quidly gotten, but that, uncertain of his future, he very honorably withdrew himself from the influence of her attractions, and the consequence has been her faded looks and dullest spirits. Now, my lord, where young heirs are

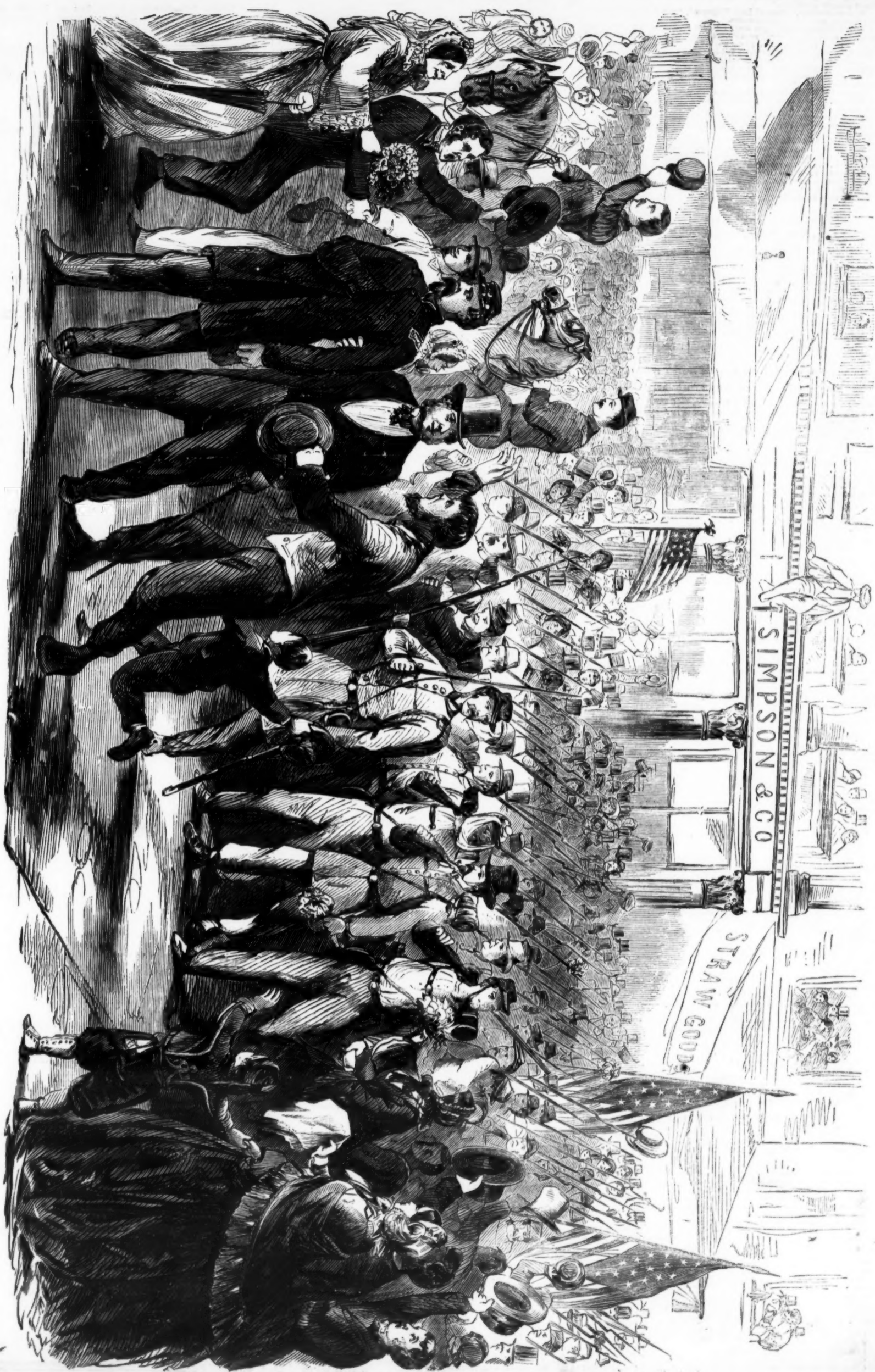
crushed they are seldom affected by considerations which influence older and wiser heads. My belief is that Beatrice would marry Mr. Erle Gower if he were a penniless, unknown adventurer; and he would make her his moment that he was assured he would be enabled to maintain her in respectable style. Now, I know that he is your son, my lord, legally and lawfully, though for ever I shall confine that secret to my own breast. I will, there-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, COMMANDING THE FEDERAL ARMY IN NORTHERN MISSOURI. SEE PAGE 199.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. E. F. MANSFIELD, RECENTLY IN COMMAND OF THE FEDERAL FORCES IN WASHINGTON AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—SEE PAGE 199.



RECEPTION BY THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, ESCORTED BY THE NEW YORK SEVENTH—EXCITEMENT AND ENTHUSIASM OF ALL CLASSES.—See Page 199.

fore, bring this union about, give my consent, celebrate it privately, and leave your lordship to do the rest."

"My dear Stanhope," returned Lord Kingswood, "you overpower me with the obligation you are pressing upon me."

"Your lordship may rely upon me," returned Sir Harris. "I will not lose an instant, and I will keep your lordship acquainted with my proceedings as I go on. There is my son Carlton, by the way."

Lord Kingswood drew out his watch and consulted it.

"I must leave you, Stanhope," he said, hastily. "I shall expect to see you shortly at Kingswood House. By-the-by, there is a neat little appointment just vacant, which will suit your son Carlton. Send him to me at this hour to-morrow morning."

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed Sir Harris, with an air of humble gratitude.

"Not a word," said Lord Kingswood, checking him; "but pray keep faith with me this time."

"My life upon my truth, my lord," returned Sir Harris, with emphasis.

Lord Kingswood smiled pleasantly, wrung him by the hands, and hurried away.

As Sir Harris listened for the departure of his carriage-wheels, he exclaimed, "Erie Gower is Lord Kingswood's son and heir. Beatrice shall wed him. When the knot is fast tied then shall she occupy a high seat beneath Kingswood towers. The Honorable Mistress Erie Kingswood, anon Lady Kingswood of Kingswood. I am the only living witness. Oh, but I will weave my children's fortunes out of that one fact. Ho! Atrice, love! Atrice! I have such news for you!"

Uttering these words aloud, he hastened to his daughter's chamber.

CHAPTER LIX.

LORD KINGSWOOD quitted the house of Sir Harris Stanhope with greatly improved spirits.

He had some difficulty in finding Gray's Mount, for it was situated in a locality of which he knew nothing; but at length he stood before the door of old Pengreep, and looked inquiringly up at the house.

He ascended the steps and knocked at the door with a gentle strength, and it was almost immediately opened by a tall, gaunt old man, with pallid, wrinkled face, and who gazed at his visitor with a sharp look.

"Your name is Pengreep," said his lordship, in an undertone. "I wish to speak with you."

"Your name is Lord Kingswood; come in," was the laconic reply.

Lord Kingswood was surprised at being thus recognised, but he did not make any observation respecting it. He simply complied with the invitation of old Pengreep, and entered the house.

Pengreep closed the door behind him, and turned the key in the lock. Then ascending the stairs, he said:

"Follow me, my lord."

Lord Kingswood obeyed, and was invited into old Pengreep's sanctum sanctorum.

The old man observed a similar precaution to that he had performed below, and locked the chamber door.

Lord Kingswood remarked it, and said, inquiringly,

"Is it necessary to exercise such extreme caution? Are you in fear of undesirable intrusion?"

A peculiar grin played upon the features of old Pengreep.

"My lord," he said, significantly, "you are in the enemy's camp. You are here to make overtures to one of the chiefs arrayed against you. If I am caught by any of my own side listening to you, I shall be challenged with a disposition to entertain your lordship's propositions, and be declared guilty of treason."

"Very good; I see the necessity for caution now, and I approve of it," responded Lord Kingswood. "You will, however, I hope, listen to me, and, I trust, entertain my propositions."

"I am prepared to listen to your lordship, or I should not have admitted you here," returned Pengreep. "Whether I shall entertain your lordship's propositions will materially depend, first, upon what they may embody, and, secondly, the inducement."

"I understand," said his lordship.

There was a moment's pause, which Lord Kingswood broke by saying,

"You are, I think, acquainted with my valet?"

A singularly malicious grin, which, however, displayed also an expression of intense enjoyment, twisted up Pengreep's wrinkled face.

"I think I am," he replied.

"I am aware," said his lordship, "that he attempted to outwit you."

"And I am aware, my lord, that he has singularly outwitted himself," rejoined Pengreep, with another sly and expressive grin.

"Without going into particulars respecting the skilful exercise of cunning which you have both displayed," continued his lordship, "I will confine myself to the matter which more immediately concerns myself. I have learned from him that you are in full possession of certain unfortunate incidents which occurred in the early part of my life, and in which I was one of the principal actors. Is that so?"

"It is, my lord," rejoined Pengreep, emphatically.

"Enough," rejoined his lordship. "It is also true that you have been acting for many years for Mr. Vernon—engaged in tracing out all the circumstances, searching for links, and procuring them, until you have succeeded in forming a chain of evidence which, when produced, will impel the position of Lady Kingswood and controvert the title of my son, the Honorable Mr. Cyril Kingswood, to be my heir-at-law."

"You appear to approach this very serious matter with great deliberation and calmness, my lord," observed old Pengreep.

"I have well-grounded reasons for so doing," returned his lordship.

"I am not disposed to dispute your statements, my lord," rejoined Pengreep; "I have only to inform your lordship that I have obtained that chain of evidence link by link, and that your lordship, whatever may be your well-grounded reasons for calmness, will be totally unable to disprove it when produced."

"That for the future, if it should come to the issue," remarked Lord Kingswood. "I am, however, prepared to admit one thing. My position as a member of the Government, and my rank as a descendant of an ancient and noble family, would render a trial in which certain accusations would be brought up against me."

"And substantiated," interpolated old Pengreep.

Lord Kingswood waved his hand to deprecate interruption, and continued—

"Would be extremely annoying to myself and painful to the feelings of Lady Kingswood and my son."

"No doubt," chimed in old Pengreep.

"I am, therefore, most anxious to prevent the suit already commenced against me proceeding to trial."

"I can well believe that, my lord," remarked old Pengreep, keeping up his offensive fire of interruptions.

"I have, therefore, sought you with a view of offering you a most handsome compensation if you will transfer to me the services you have hitherto rendered to Mr. Vernon."

"I have served Mr. Vernon for very many years," replied old Pengreep, reflectively, "and he has always very liberally compensated me. I presume you would regard me as a precious scoundrel if I were to be guilty of such a monstrous piece of treachery."

"I do not regard such a transaction in that harsh light," rejoined Lord Kingswood, quickly. "You have served one person for many years, and another offers you far higher terms; it would simply be an act of prudence and self-interest to accept the better offer."

"And go over to the highest bidder—secrets and all," added Pengreep, significantly.

"Briefly, then," replied his lordship, "I require from you that packet of papers which my valet obtained, but which you recovered, and subsequently nothing more than to keep a profound silence respecting me and my affairs. The papers I seek includes a marriage certificate abstracted from a parochial register book, and a copy of it, together with such other documents as may bear on the legality of that marriage. You have these papers yet, I believe?"

"I have, my lord," returned old Pengreep.

"Name your price," exclaimed Lord Kingswood. "I am aware of their value, and am disposed to be liberal."

At length he said, in quiet tones:

"I cannot affix any price, my lord, either to the articles I shall place in your hands or to my services; they are of a value which can only be determined by yourself. I am sure your lordship is generous, liberal and noble. I will place the documents in your hands, and throw myself exclusively upon your lordship's generosity."

"And I will reward you, Pengreep, beyond your most sanguine expectations," rejoined Lord Kingswood, promptly.

Old Pengreep went to an antique secretary which stood in a corner of the room and opened it. He appeared to ferret among some papers, and eventually he touched a spring, a band of wood flew out, and disclosed a secret drawer. This he opened, and brought forth from it a packet of papers endorsed with the name "Kingswood." He then handed them to Lord Kingswood.

His lordship took them and opened them, and his hand trembled as he turned each paper over. At length he opened one—it was the copy of the certificate of his marriage in the little church of Avening. His eyes swam with a momentary gush of tears, but in a moment they were dry again, and the paper was put aside. Then he next came to a large sheet of paper folded up, it was the leaf torn from the register book.

He examined it carefully, and turning to Pengreep, he said:

"I am at a loss to understand why Vernon should have caused this leaf to be extracted from the book, when, in the interests of his revenge, it should have remained there intact, to be produced when needed."

"Mr. Vernon believed, my lord, that you would forestall him in the very deed," returned Pengreep, quickly. "You would have prevented its production by destroying it—he preserved it, that it might be produced."

"There are here all the papers which Vernon and yourself have gathered from first to last of this unhappy affair?" he added, after a minute's silent thought.

"There are, my lord," said Pengreep, promptly.

"The particulars of the—death of—?" Lord Kingswood stammered, as he uttered his words, and abruptly paused.

"The clergyman," suggested old Pengreep.

"No!" cried Lord Kingswood, impatiently.

"The lady?" suggested Pengreep.

Lord Kingswood bowed his head in assent.

"Yes, my lord, full particulars," returned Pengreep.

"Pray how long after the birth of the—her child, did the sad event occur?" he asked in a subdued tone.

A wild, fierce flash gleamed in the eyes of Pengreep, but he instantly bent his head down, and said, almost in a tone of apathy:

"About three years, my lord," he replied.

Lord Kingswood groaned. He clutched at the packet of papers within the pocket of his coat, and thought of Lady Kingswood, but no word escaped his lips.

"All the papers relative to her decease and to her burial, you will find within the packet," observed old Pengreep, with a strange, malicious glare in his eyes.

"It is well," murmured his lordship, passing his hand hastily over his eyes.

Then he said hastily, as if a sudden recollection forced itself upon him—

"The child of which we have been speaking was abducted from the mother when but a few months old, and placed in the hands of persons presumed to be trustworthy. They said it died, and they swore that they were present at its death, and that they afterwards buried it."

"They lied," said old Pengreep, laconically.

"I have been informed by one who has an interest in deceiving me, that the child did not die, but was stolen from those who had charge of it," observed his lordship.

"Recaptured, my lord," corrected Pengreep, with ironical emphasis. "It was stolen in the first instance."

"Is the assertion true?" asked Lord Kingswood.

"It is, my lord," he replied, with a short, triumphant laugh. "It was I who, through a clue given to me by Mr. Vernon, watched my opportunity and bore it away under his instructions. I afterwards placed it where it was educated, namely, at Avening, within sight of the church in which his mother was married."

Lord Kingswood winced again, but though he felt acutely, he controlled his emotions with much firmness.

"You can answer me, in that case, a most important question," he said, calmly, without betraying how intensely interested in it he was. "My valet, returning to me from an interview with you, brought me a strange story, to the effect that a child of which you have been speaking was—"

"A girl," interrupted old Pengreep, "who was brought up in Kingswood Chase, and was known to the people on your estate as the Wonder of Kingswood Chase."

"Explain," ejaculated Lord Kingswood, almost inaudibly.

"Mr. Vernon, many years since, directed me to a cot in the depths of a forest in the heart of Gloucestershire, and there—as he informed me I should—in the sunshine in the morning, playing before the door, I saw a little child, and I bore it away. I placed it in his hands as soon as I reached the spot where he awaited me, and he immediately leaped into a carriage, to which four horses were attached, and galloped away with it. Twelve months elapsed ere he placed it in my hands again. In the excitement attendant on seizing the child and bearing it from its forest home, I confess I did not observe its features; so that when Mr. Vernon gave Mr. Erie Gower into my charge, and bade me bear him to Avening, to certain persons who were prepared to receive him, I took it for granted that he was the same child that I abstracted from the forest. Subsequently I discovered—it is unnecessary to say under what circumstances—that Mr. Horace Vernon was passing a solitary life in Kingswood Chase."

Lord Kingswood started to his feet.

"In Kingswood Chase!" he iterated, with amazement.

"Even there, my lord; tending, rearing and educating a young girl, who was never permitted to wander beyond a certain range. I confess I am only partially informed on this part of Mr. Vernon's history. I may be able to learn more; but this I know, my lord, that while Mr. Erie exactly resembles you, the young girl Violet, whom he has reared, exactly resembles the lady you married at Avening."

Lord Kingswood dropped down in his seat as if shot.

For a time he could not speak. At length he muttered, incoherently,

"What horrible mystery is here enveloped? The boy stolen, the counterpart of myself; the girl like—like—"

"Erie! my lord," cried Pengreep, sharply. "Erie of Kingswood Chase, too, my lord."

Lord Kingswood's eyes flashed upon him.

"How know you," he cried, "that—"

"My lord, I know more than you dream of," returned Pengreep, significantly; "but I cannot yet enlighten you on the point you wish to be cleared up. I have merely to require from you the reward which is due to me for placing so great a power to preserve your good name and defeat the plots of your bitterest enemy in your hands."

Lord Kingswood, scarcely able to articulate a word, flung to him a pocket-book.

"It contains notes to a considerable amount," he said, huskily, "yet it is but an instalment. Come to me in a day or two. I shall require your presence. I have yet much to ask you. Send up an envelope, with your card enclosed, and let your visit be made at night, as near midnight as possible. I cannot say more to you now."

Old Pengreep bowed and conducted him to the door, and Lord Kingswood House was made in a glimmer and sadder spirit than when he left it.

Old Pengreep fastened the outer door and scrambled up stairs. He locked himself in his room.

"A gold mine!" he cried, in hoarse, chuckling tones. "A gold mine! Treachery! Who said treachery? Selling copies of the originals cannot be treachery!"

(To be continued.)

THE GUNBOAT JEROME NAPOLEON.

Arrival of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde.

THE arrival of the Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde, on Saturday, the 27th ult., was so quietly conducted, that no one, save a favored few, was aware of it. They passed through the city in a close carriage, and unpretentiously took up their residence at the New York Hotel. They attended divine service at St. Stephens, Dr. Cummings's Church, on Sunday, and during the week visited Camp Scott, the Navy Yard, &c. They preserved a strict incognito and refused a public reception.

Prince Napoleon is the second son of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and is, after the young Prince Imperial, the heir to the throne of France. Princess Clothilde, his wife, is the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. Whether their visit is one of policy or simply a pleasure tour, it is impossible at present to determine; but looking at the aspect of affairs, the unsettled policy of the European Cabinets in regard to our present difficulties, it is more than probable that Prince Napoleon's visit has a high political bearing. He is now in Washington.

The Jerome Napoleon, commanded by Captain Dubussion, is a screw propeller, and a perfect model of a steam yacht. She sits like a swan upon the waters, and is the object of the praise of every one who sees her. She is more of the style of a pleasure ship than of a man-of-war, but the officers and crew are all *en règle*, and the discipline and management are as strict as those of any fighting vessel in the service.

The yacht was built at the port of Havre, so late as the year 1860, and is therefore one of the newest in the service. She is seventy metres, or about two hundred and thirty-one feet long, and ten metres, or thirty-three feet wide. Her machinery is simple, but strongly constructed, and the speed of the vessel, as evidenced during the late voyage, is at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. She has a crew of one hundred and eighteen men, carries two new brass twelve pounder rifled cannons, of the Emperor's invention, and is very powerfully constructed amidships.

CAPTAIN TURNER, of Inverness, who has gained a name from his weather predictions for the past present year (and who is well known to tourists on the Caledonian Canal), paid a visit to Egin in the end of last month. While the worthy captain was on the railway platform of the Egin station, a person standing near said to a friend,

"Who's that? I think I know that face."

"Oh," said his friend, "that's Captain Turner, from Inverness."

"Oh," was the reply, "that's the man that sent us the desperate bad weather this winter?"

"My child, take those eggs to the shop, and if you can't get ninepence a dozen, bring them back."

Jemmy went as directed, and came back again, saying,

"Mother, let me alone for a trade; they all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em to ninepence."

A CAPTAIN of a rifle company, who shall be nameless, was, we regret to say, guilty of an unheard-of piece of barbarity the other day—the day, too, being one of the coldest we have had of late. He actually marched his men to the very brink of the canal, and then coolly commanded them to "fall in."

ANABROO, an African prince, visiting England, received so many attentions from a celebrated belle of London, that, in a moment of tenderness, he could not refrain from laying his hand upon her heart and exclaiming,

"Oh, madame, if Heaven had only made you a negress, you would have been irresistible!"

"MASTER," said an old Scotch servant, "whether it's gude manners when a gentleman gives you a glass o' whiskey, to tak' a drop or drink aff the bail o' it?"

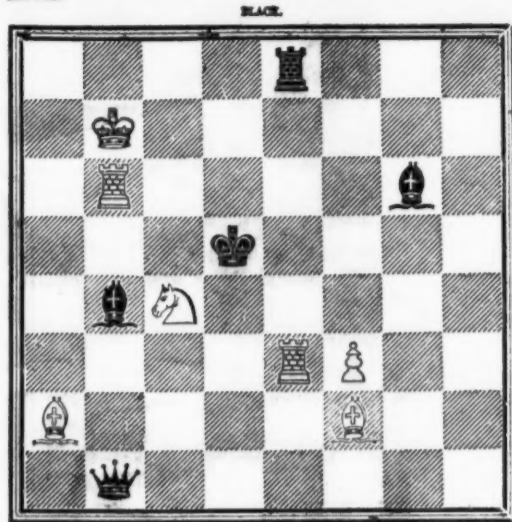
The master, having in homely phrase judiciously replied to this poser that the courtesy consisted in imbibing the whole, the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief,

"Then, Gude be thankit, I was mannerly!"

It is better that a woman should scold than do worse. Better for us to endure the present ill than fly to others that we know not of. We do not relish the noise of scolding. We never did. Scolding seems to be a poor way to make of a woman. But then, scolding may have its advantages. We do not like the noise of a boiler blowing off steam; but if it saves the boiler from bursting, we should be content to endure it.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 302.—Inscribed to DR. LENARD, Fort Wayne, Ind., by FRANK, of Kalamazoo. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



THE following is the ninth game in the match played by Messrs. WATKINSON and TROBID. It will be found highly interesting, as exhibiting some positions of great intricacy:

WHITE. MR. W. BLACK. MR. T.

1 P to K4 P to K4 23 K to Kt 2 (m) R to R 3 (a)

2 Kt to K B 3 P to Q 24 Q R to Q sq R to Kt 3 (ch)

3 P to Q 4 P to P 25 K to R sq R to Q 4

4 Q to P 5 P to K 3 26 K to Kt 3 R to B 5

5 Q B to K Kt 5 (a) P to K B 3 27 R to Kt 3 (ch) K to B 2

6 Q B to K R 4 (b) Kt to Q B 3 28 K to Kt 3 P to Q Kt 4

7 Q to Q 2 R to K 2 29 P to Q Kt 4 K to Q 5

8 B to Q 4 P to K 4 (c) 30 R to Kt 7 (ch) K to Kt 5

9 R to Kt 4 (d) R to R 41 P to P (ch) K to P

10 Q to Q 5 R to K B sq 42 K to R sq P to Q R 4

11 B to K 3 Q to B 4 43 Q R to Q 4 R to K 4

12 Q Kt to Q 2 P to K 3 44 P to Q R 4 R to K 6

13 Q to Q Kt 5 P to P (f) 45 Q R to K B P R to Q B P

14 Kt to K Kt 5 (f) Castles 46 Q R to K B 5 K to Q 7

15 Kt to B 4 Q to Kt 47 P to P P to R 5

16 Castles (K R) P to K 6 (g) 48 K to Kt 4 (ch) K to K 6

17 Kt to K B 3 R to Kt 4 (h) 49 K to Kt 2 P to Q R 6 (a)

18 P to R 5 Kt to Q 5 50 K to Kt 4 (ch) K to Q 7

19 Q to K 5 P to K 7 51 Q R to Q 5 (ch) K to Q R 7

20 K R to Q B sq R to K B sq 52 R to K 3 (ch) K to Q 8

21 K to Kt 3 R to K B 3 53 K to B 3 K to B 3

22 P to Q 2 R to K B 4 (i) 54 R to Kt 4 (ch) P to Q 6 (ch)

23 Q to K Kt 4 Kt to Q B 3 (k) 55 K to K 5 Kt to Kt 7

24 P to K B 4 Q to Q 4 (ch) 56 P to Q sq P to Q 4

25 Q to Q (ch) 57 P to K B 4 P to Q 5

26 P to K 4 P to K 4 58 K to K 5 Kt to Q 6 (ch)

27 K to Q (f) P to Kt 4 (ch) 59 K to K 4 Kt to Kt 7

28 R to P 4 P to K 4 (ch) 60 P to B 7 Kt to R

29 K to Kt 3 P to P 61 P to B 7 P to Q 7 (ch)

30 P to K 3 R to K Kt 4 (ch) 62 K to K 5 Kt to Q B 5 (ch)

31 K to B 2 R to R 63 K to K 3 P to Q R 5 (Queen)

32 K R to K R sq R to R 64 P to B 8 (Queen) P to Q R 8 (Queen)

(a) Always a good move at this juncture; it was first played by Lowenthal against Harris, but its force was not fully appreciated until adopted by Morphy. In his hands it invariably led to his obtaining superior positions.

(b) Some prefer here B to K 3.

(c) A move which we cannot recommend, because if properly opposed White still improves his position.

(d) Badly played; the correct move would have been B to B. Had it been adopted White's game would have been preferable. Let us suppose:

55 B to B Kt to Kt 5 56 Kt to Kt 5 Kt to K 4

57 B to Kt 3 with a fine game.

(e) Kt to K 6 might also be played with advantage.

(f) (A)

10 Castles 9 Q to R 11 Kt to Kt 5, and we prefer White's game.

(g) A good move.

(h) Q to Kt 4 could not have been ventured; Black would, in reply, take Kt with Pawn, obtaining an excellent attack.

(i) All this is well conceived.

(j) Admirably followed up.

(k) Black did not make the best of the position, otherwise he must have observed that there was an easy method of deciding the game by simply checking with R to Kt 3, followed by Kt to Q B 7, &c.

(l) Why not the obvious move Kt to K B P?

(m) White has been allowed to get out of his difficulties, and has now the preferable game.

(n) Played with equal care and skill.

(o) It is obvious that taking P with Rook would have cost Black a piece.

(p) This Pawn is assuming a threatening aspect.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM No. 298.—R to Q 4; P to B; R to K 3 mate; variations.

PROBLEM No. 299.—R to Q 7, &c.

PROBLEM No. 300.—Kt to Kt 3; R to Q 6 (best); Kt to Q 5; R from B 2 the Kt; Kt to Q 7; B to B 2 (A and B); Kt to Q 5; anything; B or Kt make accordingly, with variation.

PROBLEM No. 301.—B to Q B 3; Q or R to R (best); R to Q 4 (ch); P to R; B mates.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. PHILAN, Esq., New York.—Dear Sir:—In reply to your query, I make a canon on my opponent's ball and one of the reds, at the same time forcing the red off the table. Do I lose the shot, or am I entitled to a count? If entitled to a count, how many? Please answer in Frank Leslie.

Yours, &c., H. D. JONES.

AM.—You are entitled to two points, and you continue your play.

F. M. McC.—In such a case the ball remains off the table until its spot is vacant.

BOOKLYN, L. L.—You are at lib. r y to withdraw.

W. T. B., Cleveland.—"Mind your own business" is a golden rule in the game of billiards, as in all other varieties of the game of life.

NEWYORK, New York.—To execute the shot of which you send a diagram, you must strike your ball about a quarter above the centre, to the left, making it strike the object ball to the right.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

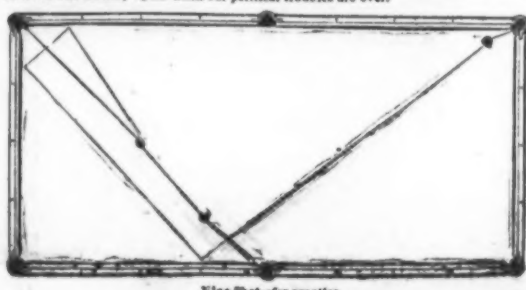
M. BERGER'S MOVEMENTS.—This distinguished player has given exhibitions at Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, Milwaukee and Detroit. At the latter place he was assisted in his exhibitions by Mr. Seeritter, the well-known player. The following was the result of six games played by them:

1st Exhibition	BERGER.	SEERITTER.	BERGER.	SEERITTER.
1st	25	27	1st	100
2nd	25	27	2nd	100
3rd	25	27	3rd	100
4th	25	27	4th	100
5th	25	27	5th	100
6th	25	27	6th	100
	150	162		600

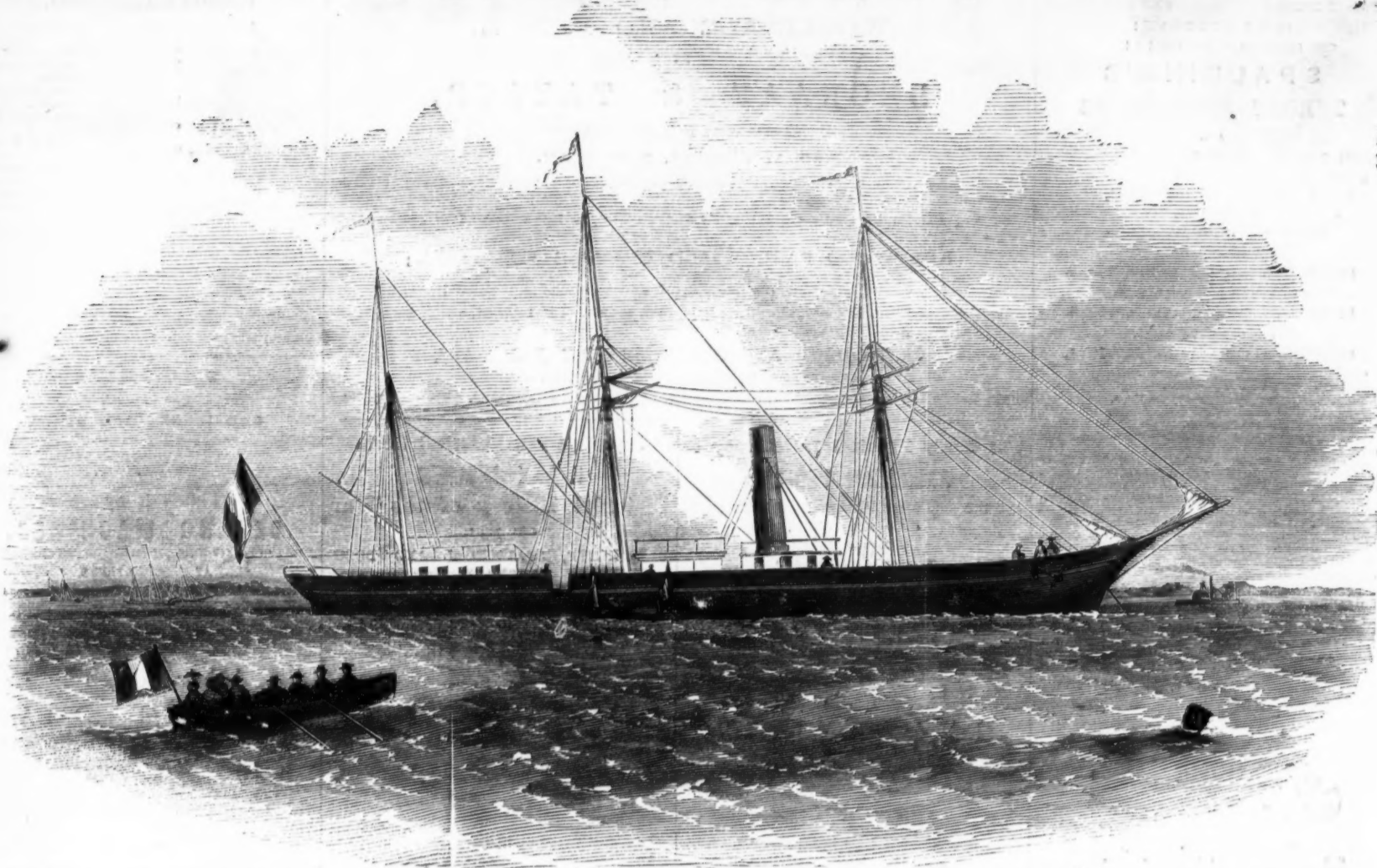
The game was the three ball canon, but the balls were American size, Mr. Seeritter having refused to play with M. Berger's balls, with which all the other American players encountered M. Berger played. M. Berger and Mr. Seeritter had agreed to play the American game, without pushing shots, but when the time to play arrived the latter gentleman declined playing.

After leaving Detroit, M. Berger visited Toledo. From Toledo he went to Cleveland, where he played at Mr. Foley's rooms, on one of Phelan's full size American pocket tables, giving two exhibitions; and here we might add that the table which was seized by the Secessionists at Memphis—and which was not his French table, as has been stated in the newspapers, but the table made expressly for his use during his tour by Phelan & Co.—had been recovered. The want of this table was very severely felt by M. Berger, who, since leaving Memphis, has been obliged to play on such tables as he could find. He says he has been made to feel the importance to every artist of having a table he knows he can depend on. During his stay in Detroit, M. Berger was presented with a silver snuff-box by his admirers in that city.

M. Berger departed for France, in the City of Glasgow, on the 31st of August. He may return to this country again when our political troubles are over.



Line Shot—for practice.



THE GUNBOAT STEAM YACHT JEROME NAPOLEON, CAPTAIN DUBUSSON, COMMANDER, IN NEW YORK HARBOR—ARRIVAL OF PRINCE NAPOLEON AND PRINCESS CLOTHILDE ON A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.
SEE PAGE 206.

Helmbold's Genuine Preparations.
Helmbold's Genuine Preparations.
Helmbold's Genuine Preparations.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Diseases of the Bladder
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Diseases of the Kidneys
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Gravel
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Dropsy

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

**Non-Retention and Incontinence of Urine,
Organic Weaknesses, Abuse, Syphilitic
and Venereal Diseases.**

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Nervous Sufferers
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Debilitated Sufferers
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Loss of Memory.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Loss of Power.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Consumption, Insanity.
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Eruptive Fits, St. Vitus Dance
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Difficulty of Breathing
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For General Weakness
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Weak Nerves
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Trembling
HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Night Sweats

Helmbold's Genuine Preparations.

If you are suffering with any of the above distressing ailments, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. Try it, and be convinced of its efficacy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU, recommended by names known to SCIENCE and FAME.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See remarks made by the late Dr. Physic.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Dr. Dowce's valuable work on Practice and Physic.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Dispensatory of United States.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See remarks made by Dr. Ephraim McIlwain, a celebrated physician and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and published in King and Queen's Journal.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Medical Chemical Review, published by Benjamin Travers, F.R.C.S.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See most of 1st Standard Works on Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Clergymen, on wrappers which accompany the Medicine.

MISSING MAN.



Benjamin F. Brewer, of Boston, Mass. Missing Since June 4, 1861.

BENJAMIN F. BREWER, thirty-one years of age, five feet five inches in height, weight one hundred and twenty-five pounds; dark brown hair, very heavy; full whiskers; gray stock coat and pants, felt hat; under-clothing marked B. F. B., with laundry number, 2,464. Left Boston on Tuesday, June 4th, for New York, intending to stop at Lovejoy's Hotel, corner of Beckman street and Park row, since when nothing has been heard of him.

A very liberal reward will be paid for information that will lead to his recovery. Any information to be sent to Daniel Carpenter, Inspector of Police, corner of Broome and Elm streets.

Smith and Wesson's Seven-Shooter.



J. W. STORRS, Agent,

121 Chambers Street, N. Y.

THIS PISTOL is light, has great force, is sure fire, shoots accurately, can be left loaded any length of time without injury, is not liable to get out of order, is safe to carry. Every Pistol warranted.

CAUTION TO DEALERS.

Be sure and get those stamped "Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass." none others genuine. All cartridge revolvers that load at the breech are infringements. Suits are commenced, and all such infringements will be prosecuted. Be sure the cartridges have Smith & Wesson's signature on each end of the box.



Quarterly Mirror of Fashions.

Great improvements in contemplation for the next volume, commencing with the Fall Number, to be ready on or about the 1st of September. containing early, reliable, practical and valuable information, eight quarto pages, with full reports, and from 50 to 100 illustrations of the prevailing Paris and New York Fashions. Published four times a year. Single copies 10 cts., yearly subscription 40 cts.

Also Mme. Demorest's Extra Illustrated MIRROR OF FASHIONS, containing Colored Fashion Plates, and two full-sized Paper Patterns. Both published simultaneously four times a year. Single copies 25 cts., yearly \$1.

Our terms are now so low that every lady in the country can avail herself of the facilities that we offer to keep herself informed as to the prevailing styles of dress, in all its departments. To Milliners, Dressmakers and Mothers we hope to make it especially valuable. Do not fail to subscribe, as you will then be sure to receive it promptly as soon as it is issued.

Intelligent ladies wanted to canvass in all sections of the Union and Canada, with whom very liberal arrangements will be made, either by mail or on personal application. Address: MME. DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, New York.

Hock Wines.

THE UNDERSIGNED begs leave to inform the Public that he has appointed

MR. H. BATJER

as his SOLE AGENT in the UNITED STATES and CANADA for the sale of his Hock Wines.

G. M. PABSTMANN SON,

In Mayence and Hochheim.

Referring to the above, I beg to inform the Trade that I have a full supply of these excellent Wines of G. M. PABSTMANN SON, Mayence and Hochheim, Purveyor to Queen Victoria, and Projector of the Victoria Monument at Hochheim.

HERMANN BATJER,

61 Water Street.

OCEAN HOUSE, SHREWSBURY, LONG BRANCH, N. J.—This splendid summer resort is now open for the season. For Fishing, Sea and River Bathing, as well as for Sailing, it is unsurpassed. Family Board, by the week, \$8. Price for transient boarders, \$1.75 per day. Steamboats from foot of Robinson St. twice a day. 296-993 Capt. A. H. HAGGERTY, Proprietor.

**CHARLES HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE.**

This popular Wine, of which the undersigned are

SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH AMERICA,

Received the First Premium at the

BORDEAUX EXPOSITION IN 1859.

The Medal awarded by the judges can be seen at our office

0000 T. W. BAYAUD & BERARD, 100 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE ONLY CORRECT EDITION.

154 Pages, 12mo. 90 Engravings.

UNITED STATES

INFANTRY TACTICS.

Ask for Fortune's Edition,

Price 25 cents.

19 CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.

"I cordially approve of this work, and recommend it to the use of Officers of Volunteers."

"GEO. B. McCLELLAN,

"Major-General United States Army.

"Washington, D. C., July 26, 1861."

Dr. Tumblety's Pimple Banisher.

OLD FACES MADE TO LOOK YOUNG

AND BEAUTIFUL.

You may obtain a Handsome Complexion, exempt from Pimples, Blisters, &c., by using DR. TUMBLETY'S PIMPLE BANISHER. Price One Dollar per Bottle. Sent by Mail or Express to any address. Office, 499 Broadway, New York. 2960

\$75 PER MONTH.—Send Stamp to Box 187, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. 296-97

THE ELECTROTYPING OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is done by WILLIAM DENYSE, 183 William St., New York.